NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1873. | VOLUME XXI.—No. 15. Price Ten Cents.

JUST OUT OF REACH OF THE SPRAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I'm *sure* I can't think how it happened,
That so careless our friends could have been—
If they'd *counted* they must have missed us,
For our whole party numbered but ten;
Just eight on the home-trip without us,
Two more might have been in the way—
Well, if shipwreck'd, be thankful for favors—
We are just out of reach of the spray.

The sun's gone to sleep on the water,
The green waves have turned to dark blue,
A shawl on this gray rock is jolly,
Just large enough, aint it, for two?
How dimly their white sail is fading
In the distance away up the bay,
Leaving us, two stranded mariners,
Just out of reach of the spray.

How the water foams over those rocks,
And the sea-gulls they make me quite sad!
I'm afraid they will swoop down and eat us—
Your arm? Well, 'twould not be so bad.
There, that's better! something to lean on—
"Rather pleasant, isn't it, eh?
What do I mean? *Why, nothing*
Just out of reach of the spray."

How dusky the sky! and a single star
Is viewing its face in the waves, from on high;
Do you think 'tis *a world* so faint and so far,
And people in it, like you and I?
And is there an ocean, and rocks, and trees,
With a night that is lovelier far than day?
And does anyone wait in the salt sea-breeze
Just out of reach of the spray?

I suppose that rock up above us
Is surely whole centuries old—
Now what if it should topple over—
Both arms? Well, I *am* rather cold.
There's the moon coming over the ocean—
(I can't breathe when you hold me that way);
Oh, wasn't it dreadful to leave us
Just out of reach of the spray?

Ten whole hours, just think, until daylight,
And you and I waiting forlorn; [sail,"
Do you think, like all shipwrecked, we'll welcome "a
When it comes with the first flush of morn?
I fancy we still should be happy,
Though never a sail came this way,
For the dark is so light and the cold is so warm
Just out of reach of the spray.

[Inscribed to B—— in memory of our last yachting excursion by LU LIGHT.]

AURAMANIA,

OR

"DIAMOND'S" DAUCHTER.

A Story of Thrilling Interest, Powerful Effects, and Exciting Situations.

BY MISS JOHANNA PRITCHARD.

Entered according to act of Congress in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

[Miss Pritchard has dramatized this work, and is performing it in her engagements throughout the country.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FOLDING DOORS.

London: six o'clock. The streets are crowded, people of all classes returning from their daily labor. The rich, as well as the poor, seem to be under the influence of some excitement.

"What can it be?" An announcement in the papers—simply the arrival of a fortune-teller, the wonderful clairvoyant, Madame Bachan, from Paris.

Is it possible the name of that old woman can be the cause of all this chattering and commotion in the streets? Why should it not to the future-seeking community, who would pay their last penny to the fortune-teller?

The lovesick girl of sixteen confides to her maiden sister:

"I am going to Madame Bachan to see if Harry loves me!"

"For shame!" replies the sister, "to believe in such nonsense."

"But, Lilly, she tells everything; cures the sick, discovers stolen goods, gives all kinds of charms."

"Ah," thinks the old maid, "I'll go on the sly. Who knows but I can get a charm to win a husband, after all?"

The weeping mother cries to her husband: "John, fly to Madame Bachan for some medicine!"

"I have no money, Mary!" answers the unhappy father. "Still he goes in despair to the old fortune-teller, who listens with bowed head to his story, gives him medicine for his child, and places gold in his hand as she whispers:

"Send me the sick and the needy. The rich shall pay for them."

As the people walked along, the name of Madame Bachan was on every tongue. As Jack Bennett paced the streets, ever on the lookout for the workhouse girl, the name of Bachan was hissed above, below, and around him, until he swore that, were it not for the well-known reputation she had borne in Paris for twenty years, he would soon rout her out. He wasn't to be taken in by any woman; he didn't believe in this great clairvoyant, not he!

As he was strolling down Regent street he was about to pass the Hotel D——, when he perceived two waiters endeavoring in vain to carry a large trunk up-stairs. He stopped, laughing at them as he said: "You can't lift that trunk? Well, it is pretty heavy. A lady's, I'll bet. 'T. D. C.' Just arrived? I'll bet you, boys, I'll carry that trunk to the lady's door."

The bet was made, and with but a slight effort the strong man lifted the great trunk upon his shoulder and set it down outside Auramania's apartment. He had won the bet, and he walked off triumphant.

Auramania had heard the voice. Wildly she flew to the other end of the room, and crouched behind a lounge close to the folding doors. Her face was like that of a corpse, while from her eyes gleamed madness. Her teeth chattered, her whole frame trembled. The voice of that man brought back the evil spirit of the prison. Had he entered, with a maniac's fury she would have sprung upon him and torn him to pieces, just as he had destroyed and torn her life. In that moment all was forgotten—all but the injuries she had received from his hands. Rage, revenge, murder, filled her heart. Yes; in that moment of terror she was mad. Her glaring eyes never once moved from the door; her bosom rose and fell; not a sound was heard but the loud beatings of her heart as she waited for him to enter. He came not. Slowly her head dropped upon her breast, and she fell senseless by the folding doors. She had lain there over an hour, when a noise in the adjoining room startled her. She sat upon the floor wondering what had befallen her, when the voices in the next room became more distinct. She listened unconsciously, and the following conversation took place:

"I tell you, Lord Clifton, unless you pay me my ten thousand pounds I will have you in jail before twelve o'clock this night. I will, so help me!"

"You are hard-hearted. Have I not always paid you? Why should you place me in jail? I can't pay you there, man. Besides, there are my horses, carriages, jewels—take those and wait. Have respect for my title. If I am a gambler, the world don't know it, and I don't intend they shall yet a while. Am I not a lord? Do I not move amongst the nobility of Europe? Is not Lord Strafford's son my friend and companion? Is not all this enough? To-night I may win thousands, and I swear all shall be yours."

"And if you *lose*?" said the usurer. "No, no, my friend. I'll tell you what I will do. I will take your jewels, horses and carriage, and if by nine o'clock to-night you do not pay I will take you!"

"If you take me to jail, all will be discovered; I can no longer deceive the world; I shall be kicked from society."

"Good! This time the world should be enlightened, my friend. But I am firm. Go to your gambling den; I will remain here until nine o'clock. So play your game well, my friend—*well*."

"Give me until to-morrow."

"Not another hour."

A footstep crossed the floor, and a door was heard to open and shut. As it closed, Auramania sprang to her feet and rapped gently. It was opened by the usurer, who was an old man, but not a Jew. He stepped back in surprise on beholding a young girl.

"Pardon me, sir," she said quickly; "the sum Lord Clifton owes you I will pay."

"You, mademoiselle!" said the astonished man, wondering who this lovely and generous creature could be.

"I," she answered. "On one condition—you will be secret."

"As the grave, mademoiselle."

"At nine o'clock you will go to this den upon pretense of arresting the gentleman. At the same time hand this card. You will then say that his debts are paid."

She bowed, and handed him a draft for ten thousand pounds. The usurer, after inspecting it, was satisfied. He bowed very low, saying:

"Your orders, mademoiselle, shall be strictly obeyed."

It was nine o'clock, and the adventurous girl waited impatiently for the coming of the titled gambler. As footsteps approached, her heart beat with the consciousness of the boldness of the step she was taking. The delicate feelings of the woman entered her breast, and a blush overspread her alabaster skin. She laid her hand gently upon her heart to still its throbbings, as she murmured: "I cannot enter society. I cannot escape Jack Bennett, without this. No, no; I must not hesitate to save myself."

The door opened, and Lord Clifton was ushered into the presence of Florence De Corse. She was robed in a violet-colored velvet, which closely fitted her small but finely developed form; a necklace of diamonds sparkled upon her beautifully moulded neck; and she stood before him with all the grace and dignity of a young queen. He bowed low, while he gazed in silent admiration upon the marvelously lovely face before him. The vanity in Lord Clifton's breast led him to think some tender passion had prompted this generous act. He advanced toward her with admiration beaming from his eyes, and fell at her feet. With a haughty dignity she waved him from her, and spoke quickly in a cold, icy tone, which sent a chill through the gambler's heart, and soon dispelled that idea of his born of vanity.

"I understand you are a ruined nobleman, a gambler!"

His lordship winced. She went on:

"Still, moving in fashionable society. I am Florence De Corse, related to the De Corses of France. I have spent my life in a convent. I am now anxious to see the world. My means are large. The man who will undertake to introduce me into the circle for which I was born shall have all his command one half my fortune. With this understanding—he who accepts my offer is forever, in my eyes, degraded. The first step of advancement on his side must cancel all business between us."

She stood upon the same spot as when he entered, while he, amazed, stood speechless. She continued:

"Am I to conclude from your silence, my lord, that you accept this offer?"

He bowed low, saying:

"I cannot refuse to become the slave of so lovely a lady."

Haughtily, without deigning to notice his reply, she touched a silver bell, in answer to which entered an elderly gentleman, who bowed with a respectfulness that might have been taken for reverence.

"Monsieur Daveir," said Auramania. "Lord Clifton, this gentleman is my secretary. Monsieur, Lord Clifton's family was intimate with mine. I informed you in Paris, Monsieur Daveir, that it was my intention to mingle in society in London. This friend of our family has volunteered to become my chaperon. You may inform Lord Clifton of my intentions, and will follow any instructions his lordship may think proper to offer."

With these words she bowed and left the room, leaving the two gentlemen together. The astonished lord threw himself upon a seat, and thought: "Of all the adventures in my life, this is the climax; of all the women I ever met, this creature is the strangest, loveliest, most mysterious. I would have given worlds to have seen her smile."

He was interrupted in his thoughts by the secretary, who informed him he had just rented an elegant mansion in St. James square. It was already furnished, but mademoiselle preferred to have it refurnished and in a more elegant style.

"Mademoiselle is immensely rich?" said his lordship quietly.

"Immensely," answered the secretary.

"It is a great pity, Monsieur Daveir, your beautiful mistress should have wasted her life in a convent."

"It is indeed, your lordship. I believe it was her dying father's wish that the child should remain within the convent walls until her twentieth year."

His lordship had begun this conversation in the hope of discovering something more of the mysterious creature; but he found he had to be careful, or the secretary might suspect. So he added abruptly: "You are aware, monsieur, that I never met mademoiselle before this evening. Our families were closely united, it is true, but that was before our time. Therefore I feel as much curiosity about her as if I had never seen or heard of the lady. She is very proud, is she not?"

"As a queen, my lord."

"Does she ever smile?"

"I have been in the lady's service six months," he replied, "and I have seen her smile but once. Within that time, your lordship, this interview is the third. The business between us is transacted by writing."

"Strange. But I am curious to know at what the lady condescended to smile."

"It was in Paris, your lordship; and mademoiselle was engaged with the professors who came to instruct her in those branches in which she was deficient, and which had been neglected at the convent. I was present at the time. Suddenly we were disturbed by a noise in the hall. The footman entered very much excited, and said a boy—a dirty, ragged boy—insisted upon seeing mademoiselle; he had come from the Rue St. Honore; the footman had tried to drive him off, but he screamed and caused a great confusion, and said his business would not go until he had seen Mademoiselle De Corse."

"And what did her ladyship say to this?" asked Clifton, interested.

"Why, my lord, she actually directed that the boy be brought into her presence. The footman urged that the boy was not fit to be seen in the presence of mademoiselle and the gentleman. Ah! you should have seen my young mistress start from her seat as she said: 'How dare you disobey me, sir? That ragged boy is more welcome to stand in my presence than is the Emperor of France.' We rose and bowed to the lady, but she deigned not to notice us. Well, my lord, the ragged, filthy boy ran into the room, and threw himself at her feet. '*Ma mere, ma mere* is dying, dying!' he cried. 'O lady, come!' Ah, your lordship, you think my mistress beautiful. You should have seen her then. She pressed the garcon's head to her breast and looked into his face with a smile upon her lips, kind tears glistening in her soft eyes, as she said in a voice which sounded like the sweetest music: 'Dry your tears; I will go with you.' She rang the bell, and ordered her carriage instantly; her maid placed her mantle over her shoulders; she drew the boy to her side and left our presence, with that smile still beaming upon her lovely face."

"I suppose she took the boy in her carriage and went to the Rue St. Honore?" said Clifton.

"She did, my lord. That was the only time I ever saw her smile; but it has left this impression, my lord—that a noble soul dwells beneath that cold, haughty exterior."

His lordship was greatly puzzled. How had she discovered him? Was it she who had paid the usurer? Who could have informed her? To what did he owe this good fortune? He dared not question the secretary, and so he would return to his club, search for his book of records, and find out all about the De Corses. Promising to meet the secretary on the following morning, he repaired to his club, where, consulting his books, he found that of De Corse among the names of the old and distinguished generals of France.

CHAPTER XX.

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

"De Corse! De Corse! Have I heard the name? Of course I have often. Who is she?"

"She's Florence De Corse, the last of the old De Corses of France. All Europe's been at her feet."

"That's the woman," broke in a third party. "Oh, she's divine, they say. Everybody goes mad after her, and can't help himself. Young Maurice Strafford raved about her—he saw her at Brighton, and swears she's matchless."

"This superb De Corse," drawled a fourth, "I want dreadfully to see her. They say she is the strangest creature we have had for a long time. The duchess, my aunt, is going crazy about her elegant furniture, etc."

"She must be the same De Corse," the first speaker added, "that I heard so much about in Paris last Winter—a lovely creature visiting the dens of the poor at the time of the cholera—another Florence Nightingale."

At this the party of nobles laughed.

"What! the haughty, lovely, bewitching De Corse a Florence Nightingale! Impossible. Ha, ha, ha!"

The above conversation took place in a gentleman's club, where these young nobles were seated sipping their coffee.

The name of Florence De Corse was the general topic of the day. Like a meteor she had flashed upon the eyes of men, dazzling them with her marvelous loveliness. Upon Auramania's first appearance as Florence De Corse, some twelve months before this period, the world had murmured—murmured at receiving this exquisite creature coming from an obscure convent without a heralded name or title. But society in a short time gave way—Auramania, with her matchless loveliness and her inborn purity of soul, carried all before her.

She sat in her boudoir, almost hidden in the depths of her luxurious chair, her long silken hair hanging unbound. Wrapped in a velvet robe, she sat thinking, while the firelight shone on the dazzling whiteness of her skin. As she gazed into the fire, a sad smile played about her lovely lips. She was thinking of her triumph of the past night. Her triumph—hers! The triumph of her of whom it had been the greatest insult in her life would pass as only in a prison. And now her beauty dazzled the world, and princes knelt at her feet—the feet which for ten years had worked the treadmill and paced the prison-halls. Those eyes which for twenty years had gazed at the sun only over stone-walls and prison-bars now unconsciously lured to her side lords and princes, who sighed in vain for a soft glance of their pure light, and sighed the more as the secret of her witchery unfolded itself to their sensuous love; for the holy atmosphere of purity that had surrounded Evangeline Strafford's life, preserving her from the unhallowed passion of Raphael Goldsmith, now surrounded her innocent child, until the noblest in the land approached Florence De Corse only to lay their titles and their fortunes at her feet.

A weary smile of despair for a moment crossed her lips, and a strange softness trembled over her face. Her head drooped upon her breast with a low, gasping sob. Love! A love of which she had never dreamed or feared had stolen into the young girl's heart—and he, the eyes met his. His! Whose? Maurice Strafford's!

It filled her soul with a fierce, a sudden joy, only to be followed by the remembrance of the past, which brought with it a sickening despair, crushing the sweet hope that needed but memory to destroy forever. She knew herself to be a workhouse girl, a thief. She felt that an eternal barrier stood between herself and Maurice. Her soul had labored to make a great atonement, and for the very crime against which her soul had shrunk she abhorred herself; for although the one sin was buried with the past, yet her conscience was none the less guilty. Might she not at any moment be discovered by the destroyer of her life, even should she be safe from his pitiless hate? The fear was alive in her breast. A wild terror leapt into her eyes. She lifted herself from her luxurious chair, and with her hands outstretched uttered a wailing cry:

"Maurice! Maurice!" Her voice rose in passionate anguish. "My beloved! my beloved! O God! why was I born an outcast, nameless? What brings to me this triumph, this wealth? Misery, misery! O Gold! Gold! 'Twas sight of thee that turned my brain to madness, made me the guilty wretch I am. Gold! thou art accursed, accursed!" Wildly she paced the room, while her velvet train swept the floor.

From beneath a table whose damask cloth hid the carved workmanship crept an old man: Simple Shadow! He threw himself at her feet. Auramania fell upon the velvet carpet and caught him to her breast. He looked with a gentle, loving light into her eyes, and sang his simple song, still the only song he ever sang. Slowly he magnetized her, and tranquillized her troubled soul. As he wailed his plaintive air, she laid her head on the soft cushions near, and fell into a gentle slumber.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE VEIL.

Three years had elapsed since Lord Clifton introduced Auramania into fashionable society. As her chaperon, he had played well his part—too well, perhaps, for her good name. Though none dared openly scandalize one who bore the spotless name of De Corse, still the world—the suspicious, uncharitable world—began to doubt the purity of this girl, at whose feet the noblest in the land had laid their titles and their fortunes, only to be refused. In this refusal there was a mystery that the world could not understand. "Was Lord Clifton her lover?"

Auramania's heart was filled with pure thoughts and holy aspirations, and she never dreamed that the world could ask such things about her. But the titled gambler heard, and he smiled and listened. Aye, and dreamed in vain, mad dream, never to be realized.

If this woman was in his power, he thought—*in his power!* The words sent a thrill of joy through his heart. He paced his room pale with agitation, pale with the passion he dared to fancy—love! This man asked himself repeatedly what position he held in the world. Was he not a nobleman? But what was he in the eyes of Florence De Corse?—a hired servant! In this his lordship was right: Auramania never thought of him except when she needed his services.

Yes; this man had been for three years dreaming he would one day call Florence De Corse his wife. For this object he had watched and watched, to discover something, he knew not what.

There was a mystery somewhere, but where? And what that mystery was he would be ever find out? That which puzzled the wily gambler most was a veil that the lady wore—a veil of so fine a texture that it resembled a silken web. To look upon it, one would imagine a breath of air would scatter it to the winds, and yet this delicate gauze could not be torn. The lady, however, never played with the golden cord which fastened her veil. Often was the magic lace suddenly drawn across her lovely face, forming a complete mask. It is true that this veil was now the fashion. Other ladies of distinction played with the golden cord, and drew the veil across their lovely faces. This was certainly an eccentricity of Mademoiselle De Corse. Yet what did it matter? She wore it, and of course the rest followed. She had worn it for three years, and it was this veil which awoke the suspicions of his lordship. Once when driving around St. James' Park in company with mademoiselle, she uttered an exclamation, drew the veil over her face, and fell back in the carriage, but not before he had noticed a strange look that he had never seen there before.

He asked himself if the seeming purity of this woman's actions was not assumed? Might she not already be married? What motive could she have for refusing all offers? To her wealth there seemed to be no end. And to that wealth—his heart beat wildly at the thought. He felt convinced that there was no possible way of ever reaching her except through the discovery of something to place her in his power. At present he felt himself as far from Florence De Corse as earth is from heaven—she, the haughty book of records which held a woman's hand. He dared not approach her with a word of the passion which filled his heart. He felt he had indeed degraded himself when he was receiving wages from her. So he must wait, content to gaze upon the beauty which maddened him. He paced his room, and thought and thought. At last he stopped.

"I'll do it," he said firmly; "I'll do it. If there is a mystery, there is only one man who can find it out, and that man is Jack Bennett the detective."

CHAPTER XXII.

BETTY.

It was winter, and Betty Nightingale's flower-beds were covered with snow. In place of the bird's good night and the soft ripple of the Summer's wave were the howling wind and the roaring sea.

Can that old-looking mansion be the paradise of roses to which the reader was introduced three years ago?

Lord Nightingale and Betty are seated in an elegantly furnished room, before a coal fire burning brightly. Sweet Betty is on a low cushion at her father's feet. The lovely Violet seems drooping. Her skin is fairer, if possible; her eyes brighter; her voice softer, more womanly. But the merry laugh is now heard but seldom, and for one long year the name of Maurice Strafford has never passed her lips. Her golden head rested upon the old lord's knee, while he looked down and stroked it lovingly.

"My child," said the doting father, "have you quarrelled with Maurice?"

An unconscious sigh escaped as she answered sadly:

"Oh, no, papa; I suppose he has forgotten where we live!"

"Have you not heard from him lately?"

"It is seven weeks, three days and five hours, papa, since Maurice wrote."

His lordship frowned. "How long is it since I returned from Wales?" he asked.

She looked up innocently: "I don't know, papa—about two months."

"How long was I away?"

"I have forgotten, papa."

"Ah!" he exclaimed reproachfully, "you did not count the days and hours your *father* was away, Betty; but for this false, heartless boy you count the minutes of your life. Ungrateful girl! this is the way you repay me for my life's devotion."

He pushed her gently from him, and walked the floor impatiently. For a moment her eyes filled with tears. Violet softly stole behind him, and threw her arms about his neck.

"O you naughty, jealous papa!"

"Yes, my darling child," he replied, as he caught her to his breast; "you are right. I am jealous, even of your very thoughts. I hope, Betty, I shall soon leave you; then you will be free to love and marry whom you please."

"O papa!"—her voice was sad and trembling now—"if you only knew how you wound me! When you die, I want to die too, papa; for, even with Maurice by me, life would be dreary without you!"

"Maurice! Why do you love that man, Betty? I tell you, child, he has forgotten you. You must cease to think of him."

"I never can do that, father. We have been brought up together. He is dearer to me than a brother, papa."

"Yes, yes; I understand. You love him!" With his head bowed, he walked the floor away from where his child sat weeping. "Yes, yes! I shall be left alone in this house. Doubtless you think me a selfish father; but ah, girl, you cannot know the misery a parent whose life has been centred in his offspring feels at the thought of losing her. For fifteen years I was to you, Betty, what you are to me—*life!* From the hour I discovered that you dreamed of a sweeter love than your father's, I've known no peace. Leave this house, and the music of your voice, the sunlight of your eyes, your merry laugh! Earth held nothing dearer to me than my child! O Betty! Betty! you'll break my heart."

He threw himself upon a chair and wept, while she stole gently to his side and whispered:

"Father, you are very naughty! As if I would ever leave you! How you do talk, papa! As if I wanted you to die! Do you think Maurice could compensate for *your* loss? Only think, pretty pa, would you have little Bet die an old maid? Indeed, I could not die an old maid—that is, if Maurice didn't want me to. But while you live I will never marry, unless—I am in no hurry as long as I know he loves me. Why, I can wait until I am fifty. O you naughty papa! I do believe you want me to be like Miss Nancy Baker—with three dogs, twenty cats, seven birds, a box of rabbits, and Heaven knows what besides. She loves them all, papa. Why, she would as soon part with her life as with any of her pets. She kisses them all good-night, and I do believe she prays for them. Yet you, you selfish old man, don't want Betty to love *one* poor fellow."

They both laughed her merry laugh of old, forgetting in that moment that she had not for ever so long seen him she loved, nor even heard from him in many weeks.

"O my darling treasure! I am, I am selfish! Forgive me. Went you, my sweet child?"

"No," she cried, jumping away; "not unless you catch me."

"Yes; but, Betty, the rheumatics!"

"It will do you good, papa. I know it is all my fault. You are growing dissatisfied. It is because I am a woman now, and don't play any more. So come out of that chair, you dear old darling, and catch me. I am a child again!" she cried, clapping her hands. "Here, Nero! Nero!" In bounded the Newfoundland, all alive for fun. He knew his young mistress' merry laugh, and looked inquiringly into her face to learn the reason why. "Pull him out, Nero!"

The tears rolled down the old man's face, and Betty's too, and I do think down Nero's. For very joy they were weeping. Off flew Betty through the halls, Lord Nightingale after her, Nero barking loudly, and leaping almost into the air. At last the old lord gave up the chase, and Betty forgave and kissed papa over and over.

"Now, dear papa," she said coaxingly, "I want you to grant me a request?"

"Anything, my darling."

"You won't be cross again, papa?"

"No. What is it?"

"May I go to town, pretty?"

Lord Nightingale looked horrified.

"To the city, my love! No, no, child; I could not dream of such a thing."

"Papa, I don't want you to *dream* of it, but to realize it. Only think, papa. I am nearly eighteen years of age, and I have never been to the city. Oh, let me go, pretty pa."

She wound her arms around him, nestled her golden head on his breast, and looked so sweetly into her father's face, how could he resist?

"You little witch! how can I refuse you?"

"You dare not, you wicked old man! One thing more"—she clung tighter to him—"I am going to Aunty Strafford's."

"Ah, you puss," he replied, "to see Maurice."

"I confess I do want to see my cousin. O papa darling!" she exclaimed impulsively, "if you would only think more kindly of Maurice—he is so good, so noble; and now that I am sitting on your lap, with my arms around you, I will tell you the only secret I have ever hidden from my father. You shall advise me, and I shall no longer have cause to weep in secret."

"Why, my lamb, have you wept in secret?"

"I have, papa; and I will tell you why."

Blushing, and slightly turning from him, she commenced: "You remember three years ago, upon that lovely Summer's evening when you found me looking after Maurice, and weeping?"

"I do, child; I do."

"When I left Maurice in the library with you, I fell asleep upon my mossy bunk and dreamed such a strange dream. It seems to haunt me now, papa."

"What was it, my child?" he asked.

"I thought Maurice and I were sailing upon the lake, when there sprang up in the water a lovely flower, whose brightness dazzled me, and whose perfume so sickened me that I fainted; but Maurice was anxious to obtain the flower, which seemed to grow and grow in its splendor, so he dived down into the lake while he broke the flower from its stem and clasped it to his breast. I was sinking lower and lower to the bottom of the stream, with my arms outstretched, calling upon him to save. He came, papa, and pressed me to his heart; but he was as cold as ice, and the stem of that beautiful flower, bereft of its splendor and perfume, laid between us. Was it not strange, dear papa?"

"You are right, my child; there is certainly something in that dream," said the father thoughtfully.

"I think so, dear papa; and for three years I have been trying to interpret it."

"Well, Betty, what do you think?"

"I think, papa, that the boat, the silver lake, the golden fishes, the starlight, the perfume of the water-lillies, showed us the past; for together, happy and peaceful, have our lives glided along as tranquilly as the boat upon the lake. And the beautiful flower was the new love that grew into my heart that day, papa. Now, when I look into my soul, and think that Maurice will soon come to grasp it as he did the flower, the consciousness that another love—the love I bear my father—will come between us causes me to grow sick and faint, and I long to be quietly sleeping at the bottom of the stream."

She buried her face on his bosom, while tears silently flowed. By-and-bye she resumed softly:

"Don't weep, my father, but let me tell my secret out, and then we shall better understand each other. The flower lost its splendor and its perfume and became a melancholy stem; and I feel, papa, that the great love for Maurice which now fills my heart will also fade and die. Only the remembrance will live, and *that* I shall hug to my heart as the stem, papa—the stem. You see, dear father, Maurice loves the gay world of fashion. A year ago he promised to return. But oh! I know he loves me, although he does not write so often now. He has so much to think of there, so many places to go to—theatres, balls and so forth—and for a little while Betty is forgotten. Soon he will be here to claim me, to say that I must go with him—leave my father and go with him. That will be sinking lower and lower into the stream, calling upon him to save me. For I shall say—'Maurice, I love you dearer than anything else in this world; but from my father, to whose tender care I owe my life, I cannot part, nor can I leave our home. Come here, Maurice, and be to him a son, and we three shall live together in this mansion by the sea.'"

"Should he refuse, my Betty?"

"Then, papa, I should feel that he never loved me. We would live alone in this big house—live for each other—and I should die an old maid. Now, papa, do you understand me? Will you let me go to the city—let me see Maurice, and stay there a week and see all that is to be seen?"

"Yes, my sweet darling," said the now happy father, "you may go. I no longer feel jealous of your love for your cousin, for you are a dutiful child, and will never forsake your father."

"Never, dear father!" she cried. "The child who forgets her love and duty to her parents is not worthy to live. That reminds me of Sally Davis, in the village. Her father went to America, papa. At first he did well; but she has told me as a great secret that he took to drink, and one day fell down and broke his leg, and now he is quite helpless. And what do you think she does, papa?"

"What, child?"

"Well, she earns ten shillings a month as nursemaid. She keeps one shilling for herself and sends nine to her father."

"She does? She is indeed a good girl."

"Yes; but, papa, I said to her—Why, Sally, how can you spare nine shillings? Why not send him six?' Whereupon she replied, as if I had wounded her feelings—'Ah, Lady Betty, if I hadn't my father to send the nine shillings to, I would not care to live;' and then she began to cry. Only think, papa, a poor, uneducated girl like that with such true devotion and proper sense of duty. So, papa, I offered her a sovereign to send him; she refused it, saying—'I would not insult my father by sending him money received in charity.' Well, ever since that I have almost loved her."

"My darling, you must not love such people. Help them if you wish, but never forget your position in life."

At this moment the servant entered with a letter. As Betty took it from off the golden salver, she exclaimed joyfully:

"Oh! it's from Aunt Eleanor Strafford." She tore it open quickly and soon devoured its contents.

"Well, darling, what does she say?"

"She says I must come to the city and see some beautiful lady the great world is going mad about—Mademoiselle De Corse; that Maurice comes of age in two days; that they are going to have a grand ball to celebrate the auspicious occasion, and that I must be there. O papa! I have not a dress, and oh! lots of things. I can't stay another moment, papa sweet. Oh, I shall see Maurice, aunty and uncle, and all the great sights! Good-bye, papa! I am going to send for a dozen dressmakers—I don't know what I am going to do!" Away the happy girl flew, running back a half dozen times to kiss the only parent she ever knew, him she loved so dearly.

Ah! Betty, my lovely Violet, you will be able to interpret the dream on your return from the great city—the sail on the silver lake, the flower, the stem!

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHAT NIGHT BRINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Written in Summer.

When shades of evening softly fall,
And low is the sun above them,
The night brings many a weary soul
To Home and those who love them;
The cooling winds begin to blow,
The burning day is over,
And meek-eyed cattle leisurely
Come home from fields of clover.

No more is busy haunts of men
Doth trade and greed run riot;
For Night upon its soothing wings
Brings somnolence and quiet;
A holy influence seems to fall
On God's creatures;
But what shall I remark about
Those devilish mosquitos?

J. H. B.

THE SCARLET MIRROR.

"You had better not go, dear," said Mrs. Redell persuasively. "It will be no particular pleasure to walk out with Giles Warner, and may cause you some trouble. Indeed, I would rather you would not associate with him at all. Come, be guided by me this time, and excuse yourself to Mr. Warner."

Agnes Redell tossed her head impatiently, and pouted her red lips.

"Oh! I don't see what hurt it will do. It's too pleasant to stay in the house, and I won't! There!"

Mrs. Redell sighed and then folded her hands in her lap. Her daughter's willfulness was a subject of constant anxiety to her, but unfortunately she had not the energy to even attempt to check it. Grandma, who had been going from one room to the other over her glasses, now interposed a word:

"Suppose you should meet Ralph Lester, child? There's many things to think of, and, little though they may be, they hold a mighty power sometimes. I'm sure Ralph wouldn't like to see you walking with this Giles Warner."

"I don't know as it's any of his business!" replied Agnes, drawing down her brows and looking as sour as possible. "I believe I'm not bound to him, or obliged to consult his tastes."

"True enough, child," continued the old lady, in her quiet, smiling way. "But you know, and he knows, that each of you likes the other very much. It's a year now since he began to call here regularly, and you've been as glad to see him as he has to come. I know it all, dear: I've seen three generations bow before this strange and yet this simple thing called love. Perhaps he hasn't proposed in so many words, but he shows his love in every way. He is a thoroughly good man, child; I wouldn't risk offending him if I were you. Now do stay at home with mother and me this afternoon."

"If Ralph Lester wishes to confine my movements he must put a ring on my finger," exclaimed Agnes, spitefully. "Am I to wait and wait for him and make a prisoner of myself on the strength of a blind hope? Are men so scarce? Oh, what nonsense! You're fogyish, both of you."

And, running to the mirror, she smoothed her hair and face in the same time, and went downstairs to tell Mr. Giles Warner that she would go with him to Fairmount, which of course gratified that gentleman exceedingly. Indeed, it seemed as if he were about to go into a spasm, for he bowed and smiled and gesticulated like an exhilarated violinist.

"He's a fool!" thought Agnes, but smiled very brightly and announced herself in readiness.

At the curb a carriage awaited them, and Mr. Warner, noticing Agnes' surprise, said flippantly:

"I asked you to walk, but you didn't think, did you, my dear Miss Redell, that I could be so foolish as to mean it? Walk to Fairmount. A pretty joke, upon my word!"

Agnes made a commonplace answer, and allowed herself to be assisted into the barouche. But the pleasure of the trip was over already, and a restless discontent pervaded her being. It was with difficulty that she replied to the remarks of her companion. As they drove through the crowded streets it seemed to her that every eye was upon her, that every person was making mental remarks on the conspicuousness of her position, seated there in an open carriage at the side of a man she had scen but a few times.

"Oh, dear, I wish I were at home!" she thought, but this was as foolish as her determination to come out. She had chosen, and could blame herself only for whatever the result might be.

In twenty minutes Fairmount was reached, and her companion helped her to alight.

"Now we will take our walk over those beautiful hills," he said. "And let me take this opportunity to thank you for your company. I assure you such visits of happiness are rare to me."

She arched her brows suspiciously, but uttered no word. While Giles Warner was giving some directions to the coachman relative to the time he expected to return to the spot for the carriage, Agnes walked on in advance. Seating herself on the grass, near the edge of an overhanging cliff, the tones of a familiar voice suddenly smote her ear. With intense eagerness she bent forward, and on a seat below, disclosed to her view, sat Ralph Lester by the side of a fair young creature, who seemed absorbed in his presence. Heaven, earth, skies and trees seemed to dance about the astonished watcher in confusion; but she relieved her senses by a desperate effort, and managed to regain her feet and preserve an outward calmness. Still there was a dull, throbbing pain in her heart. Giles Warner came up at this moment, and with apparent indifference asked what there had been of particular interest to absorb her attention, stepping forward at the same time to answer the question for himself. A well-assumed expression of surprise came over his features as he said:

"I am astonished at seeing Mr. Lester here. I understood that only a short time ago he was engaged to you, Miss Redell."

Agnes's hazel eyes flashed, and she threw her head back proudly.

"If he was, do you suppose that I should be here with you, sir?"

"A thousand pardons. It was discourteous in me to repeat the rumor. Your reply makes me ashamed. It is full of earnest womanhood. Am I forgiven, Miss Redell?"

And he gazed upon her pleadingly.

"Oh, yes," she answered, carelessly.

"Thank you," he said very sincerely, and there the subject was dropped.

For half an hour they wandered about, and Agnes forced herself to be more than usually vivacious, lest her companion should think that the tableau of a short time previous had made an impression upon her. But she was thoughtful when she reached home, for she wished to be alone with her troubled feelings.

"May I call upon you as a friend?" said Giles Warner, as he hesitated a moment on the step.

"I should be pleased to see you," she answered, hardly knowing what she said, for the shock was beginning to react.

He raised his hat, and she flew up the steps, hurriedly opened the door, and went softly over the stairs to her room. Throwing off her outside garments, she sank upon the bed and began to weep. How could Ralph deceive her so? If he had not wished to marry her, why had he visited her and charmed her with his bright eyes, his gentle voice and tender ways? Oh, why! A choking sob broke from her lips, and her tears followed faster.

Presently the door opened softly, and grandma's sweet, aged face peered in, and as she saw her darling's attitude she nodded her head understandingly. Then going forward, she smoothed Agnes' brow, and said soothingly:

"Don't cry, my dear; it will come out all right. I'm sure it will."

"You don't know anything about it," replied Agnes, catching her breath. "I wish you'd let me alone. I don't want to see anybody. Oh, dear!"

"You wouldn't drive grandma away, would you, dear? You know I can always comfort you when you feel bad, and you know I love you just as much as I do my own. Now dry your eyes, and listen to me."

"I didn't mean to be cross to you, grandma, because you're always kind to me, and I do love you; but, oh, you don't know how miserable I am." She threw her arms around the old lady's neck, and rested her head upon her breast, still weeping. "If I'd only done as you wanted me to do I shouldn't have seen what I have, at all events. But perhaps it is better as it is. Oh, my heart!"

"Hush, dear, hush! you'll be ill if you give way to your feelings so," answered grandma, tenderly kissing the tear-stained face. "Now tell me what you saw, and I'll tell you something, and then you'll feel better, I'm sure."

"I saw Ralph at Fairmount with a lady, and—and he was looking at her as he ha—has at me so often, just as if he loved her."

The words ended in a low wail, and the girl's form shook with emotion.

"Try to control yourself, dear. You had not been gone five minutes when Ralph drove up and inquired for you. When I told him you'd gone out his face fell——"

"Really, grandma?" interposed Agnes, tremulously.

"Yes, darling; it was easy to see that he was much disappointed. He waited a minute then, and looked up and down and every way, and finally asked me if you went with anybody. Of course I couldn't tell a falsehood. I expected then that he would ask who, and he did. I pretended not to hear him, but he said it over again in a much louder tone, and I was compelled to tell him. He looked very sad then.

"What want of heart you have, child!" said Agnes, scornfully and announced herself in readiness.

"Not a word, dear; he turned about, thanked me in his polite way and left the house."

A flood of tears, a succession of hollow sobs, interrupted the old lady at this point, and what she would have said was forgotten in trying to mitigate the sorrow of her granddaughter. But it was useless. Agnes' nerves were completely unstrung, and she had no control of herself. Grandma at last became alarmed and was going after her daughter, when the latter entered, bearing a letter in her hand.

Agnes saw it, and, leaping from the bed, snatched it from her mother's hands. Quickly breaking the seal, she unfolded the paper and read:

"Agnes, can you excuse yourself for appearing in public with a gambler? RALPH."

Her face flushed a deep crimson, her eyes shed their tears and assumed the fire of anger. A false strength diffused itself over her being, and

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1873.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this Department. No answers by mail.

MISSISSIPPI.—1. Longfellow's fastest mile record is 1:43¾. 2. Herzog died in the Fall of 1869; his best mile time, 1:43¾, was made at Cincinnati in June of that year. Salina and Fadladeen beat his record in 1:43, and Alarm in 1:42½. 3. Longfellow ran the first mile of a 2¼ mile race in 1:40, but as it was in the fractional part of a race, and not officially timed, it does not constitute a record. 4. The statement that Eclipse ran a mile in one minute is utterly unreliable.

DERRICK.—The last game in which we find Wadsworth's name recorded in a match as a player in the Philadelphia nine was on April 8. Whether he played afterward or not we cannot say. Wadsworth played in the Resolute nine May 26 against the Philadelphia nine, and *The Philadelphia Dispatch* said the game was forfeited in consequence.

W. H. VIMONE, Out.—1. Neither Lucy nor Goldsmith Maid ever trotted against American Girl after the Buffalo Meeting; Lucy and Autrey, Lucy and Goldsmith Maid trotted a mile each other in California in the Fall of that year. 2. Flora Temple was 14 years old when she made her record of 2:19¾ at Kalamazoo.

TONY, Saugus.—The best three heats of one mile were trotted by Goldsmith Maid at Prospect Park Course, L. I.; time, 2:17¾, 2:19, 2:17¾. 2. Lady Thorn and Mountain Maid never trotted together, but Lady Thorn trotted against Mountain Boy several races.

E. H. G., Detroit, Mich.—If the shooter hit the bird and gathered it within bounds, he is entitled to score it, provided it has never been out of the boundary. But if he missed it, and this the judges could decide, then it is scored a miss.

BALTIMORE.—1. In four-handed euchre, if a player orders up the dealer, the latter cannot play alone against him. 2. A misdeal is the giving of too few or too many cards to a player, or dealing the cards when the pack has not been properly cut.

CAROM, New Orleans.—1. There is in this country no such manufacturer as you speak of, so far as our knowledge extends. 2. You can purchase a first-class billiard table for $325 almost anywhere, and for less than that in some quarters.

W. R. B., Brooklyn.—1. She is not married. 2 and 3. We cannot say. 4. Master Barney was born in Buffalo, Dec. 29, 1859. 5. White, Spalding, Start, Barnes, Sutton, G. Wright, Cuthbert, Eggler, Reach, Hotel. 6. Not married.

J. L., Fall River.—There was a company calling themselves the California Minstrels that gave some few performances in the West during the early part of the past season.

TRIANGLE, Evansville.—If it was clear that the frozen ball moved in consequence of an adhesion to the striker's cloth or in itself, the striker was entitled to the carom, and also entitled to play on.

JUSTICE.—Tom Bowling has made the fastest two consecutive heats in a mile-heat race on record, 1:43½, but he has not made the fastest mile record, as Alarm ran that distance in 1:42¾.

T. D.—Bill Poole was shot between the hours of 12 o'clock midnight and 1 A. M., Sunday, Feb. 25, 1855. He died on the morning of March 8 following, and was buried on the 9th.

WALKER AND DAILEY, Dunkirk.—Joe Nolan never beat Dan Thomas, but they fought a draw in 1862, two rings, the police then putting a stop to it. Thomas afterward received $25 to consent to a draw.

W. W. NEWCOMB.—The same statement was made some after your department, and it was denied, and is now contradicted. It is rather too late to go into ex-planations now.

FARNEY, Boston.—1. He is in England. 2. Yes; they did. They don't play any pool-selling games. 3. Yes; but it will be up-hill work. 4. Barnes. 5. Yes, superior in most respects.

DRAMATICUS, Nashville.—1. It does not, as a general thing, pay. 2. A good voice and a thorough knowledge of elocution and gesture. 3. Either way. 4. It is not necessary.

C. C. W., Louisville.—E. who threw 41, had no claim whatever to a prize, the first and second being won by B, C and D, who each threw 42.

CAPTAIN JACK, Marshall.—Lady Thorn was injured at Rochester by falling off the gang plank while being put on the train for Buffalo.

OLYMPIC, Memphis.—1. C, who made the three points he gave for the pitch, goes out with his high before B's low, each being 9 points. 2. We can't say.

NED.—You are late in applying for the information, which can be furnished you at the office at the foot of Liberty street.

READER, Harrisburg.—1. Send to Ed. James as per his advertisement in our sporting columns. 2. About $25 per week.

PEDESTRIAN, Dundas.—All the men having come to the post, the man who bet upon Smith wins, though Collins failed to start.

H. D. C., Chicago.—Lady Elizabeth did not run in the Derby the same year that Hermit won. She ran the year after (1868), when Blue Gown won.

YOUNG SPORT.—Four points, in euchre, can only be made by a player playing a lone hand, and getting all the five tricks. Only one person can go alone at euchre.

J. L. B., Chicago.—At casting for the line the ball can not raise it, but his opponent can do so. No answers by mail.

A. W., Chicago.—Longfellow ran against Kingfisher in the Saratoga Cup, a dash of 2½ miles, when he was timed unofficially, the first mile in 1:49.

T. R., Frostburg.—John Owens acted Solon Shingle in Liverpool, Eng., about the time you mention. Mr. Jefferson, we think, never acted that character.

HARVARD.—The Harvards defeated the Chicago nine on June 30 and lost by 33 to 7. They played again July 26 and won by 11 to 6.

P. H.—The Bostons beat the Mutuals 5 to 3 in a practice game on June 28 and by 17 to 6 in a regular game on June 30.

A. E. L.—The Mutual and Chicago match played July 23, 1870, was the first game on record—and the only one played before or since—in which the score stood at 9 to 0.

E. L. D.—All the persons you inquire about are engaged for a long time at the theatres mentioned. The last two named may play occasional star engagements.

KOOMER.—She is not acting at present, and will not be a member of the company you name during the next season.

E. R.—He has not acted for some years, but gives readings occasionally and resides on his farm near Cincinnati, O.

B. L. M., Farmer City.—1. Paul Silverbere's Sextuple Consolidated Menagerie, Museum and Transatlantic Circus. 2. Cannot say.

FOXY S.—We publish 2 some lines dedicated to the lady's eyes some time ago, and cannot spare the space for those you send.

O. K., New Orleans.—1. To decide the bet the game should have been played out. 2. Flying Childers has no reliable time record.

L. McF., Peachville.—1. At poker dice, two sixes and two fours beat two aces and two trays. 2. The best 100 yards running time is 9½ seconds.

GRAND TOWN, Chicago.—1. Webster gives the word the French pronunciation, "Rec-to-rang." 2. Literally "name of the pen," or one assumed by a writer. 3. Dep-o.

INQUIRER, Decatur, Ill.—Apply to Ed. James, whose address see among our sporting advertisements.

J. L., Chicago.—We cannot inform you where you can obtain the article described. You can make a quick sale for it, however, if you can get it.

CHRIS., Dayton.—Write to Chas. B. Elliott or Stephen Roberts, in our care.

W. W., Rochester.—If the wording of the bet was as you say, then A loses, as he failed to *beat* B.

W. M., Boston.—At poker or bluff, with dice, sixes beat aces.

CONSTANT READER, Phila.—1. Via San Francisco, Cal. 2. England.

J. M. D., Cabridgeport.—See Ed. James' advertisement.

READER, Hastings.—Pilot Temple's best time last year was 2:26¾.

J. H.—If the time was 2:10 A. M., then B, who bet that it was after 3 o'clock A. M., loses.

E. B. G., Westfield.—A ferry-boat did run between Peck Slip and Williamsburg for a one-cent fare.

ST. JAMES, Boston.—A man betting on a sure thing wins, if no fraud has been used.

THEO. J.—Dexter's fastest mile time is 2:17¼; it has been beaten by Goldsmith Maid with 2:16¾.

CHARLIE, Boston.—Send to Hartz, dealer in magical apparatus, as per his advertisement.

W. W. K., Le Roy.—George Palmer never won a race at Buffalo.

A. T. M.—It depends upon the rules governing the series. We should say not.

A. R. Y., Lynn.—1. See reply to "Constant Reader" last week. 2. Yes; as stated. 3. Unchanged.

G., Augusta, Ga.—Thank you—see item elsewhere in this issue. Your letter did not reach us until July 1.

A. S., Coeymans.—Received, and will be used soon. Thanks for the same.

W. L., Louisville.—It is not of sufficient general interest to warrant its publication in our columns.

J. H., Kalamazoo.—He was wounded in the head by a pistol ball.

ORLANDO.—1. We believe not. 2. Yes. 3. Cannot say. 4. Yes.

J. W., Boston.—Send to Col. T. Allston Brown's Dramatic Agency, as per his advertisement.

J. H. S.—Received, and will be used soon. Thanks for the same.

W. L., Louisville.—It is not of sufficient general interest to warrant its publication in our columns.

H., Kalamazoo.—He was wounded in the head by a pistol ball.

ORLANDO.—1. We believe not. 2. Yes. 3. Cannot say. 4. Yes.

J. W., Boston.—Send to Col. T. Allston Brown's Dramatic Agency, as per his advertisement.

A. S., Coeymans

course, Ed. Murphy defeating Nat. Hastings and winning the prize of $50. Time, 28:00.

DENMARSH AND HERBSTER rowed three miles for $200 a side on the upper Monongahela course, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 5, the former winning by over two hundred yards. They had attempted to row the race the day previous, but fouled twice, when a postponement was in order. The victor is a brother of Nick Denmarsh of the McKee crew.

NICK LAYBERGER, who resides on the South-side, opposite Pittsburgh, Pa., the other day succeeded in diving to the bottom of Ormsby Ripple, on the Monongahela River, a place where the water is seventy-two feet deep. He went down, scratched gravel, and reappeared in twenty seconds—the fastest time on record made going to bed in that vicinity.

A WASHTUB RACE took place on the Delaware River, Philadelphia, July 2, participated in by Geo. Weyman, George Bazley, Robt. Foster, Isaac Johnson, John Hill, John Hirst and Abram Funk. The distance was two hundred yards, and the race was won by Foster.

THE SECOND REGATTA of the Dorchester Yacht Club for the champion prizes came off in Dorchester bay, Mass., on June 30, twenty-four vessels starting. The winners were as follows: 1st class, Lily, Sunbeam and Mercury; 2d class, Firefly and Ruby; 3d class, Maud; 4th class, Virginia.

A REGATTA, to consist of a single-scull and six-oared race, is to celebrate the opening of the Mystic Boat Club's new house, adjoining that of the Passaic's, at Newark, N. J., Wednesday afternoon, July 9. The course will be above the Morris and Essex Bridge.

GEO. LATHROP AND C. S. ANDREWS of the Ulysses Boat Club of Albany, N. Y., are to pull three miles over the Laureate course July 19.

THE TURF.

LONG BRANCH RACES.

FIRST DAY, FRIDAY, JULY 4.

THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE WON BY GEORGE WEST, THE MILE DASH BY ARTIST, THE MILE-HEAT RACE BY KATIE PEASE, AND THE JERSEY DERBY BY TOM BOWLING—TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE PRESENT.

The July race meeting of the Monmouth Park Association at Long Branch, N. J., commenced on the "glorious Fourth," the management having announced that the course would be thrown open to the public, in accordance with the custom of the English turf, and that no charge for admission to the central inclosure would be made; the design being to make racing so popular with the non-paying masses that, in time, the seed would bear fruit, and a large crop of paying spectators would be the result. The day dawned beautifully, and fine weather was prognosticated alike by the public and "Old Probabilities." The tens of thousands of holiday seekers in the Empire city thronged the boats and trains in connection with the Long Branch Railroad, until even standing-room was with difficulty obtained; and although four additional steamboats were run, the accommodation was scarcely sufficient for the people desirous of witnessing the sport. It is true that there was not as widespread an excitement as attended the memorable race between Longfellow and Harry Bassett for the Monmouth Cup, last year; but the interest felt in the meeting of Tom Bowling and Springbok, the respective champions of the year of the Eastern and Western turf, was almost equally as intense in this section. The experiment of a free course was a decided success, for not only was the grand stand crowded by the paying public, but the central inclosure, free to the public, was dotted with innumerable groups of holiday seekers, and there were probably 25,000 people on the course.

THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE

was the first event for decision. The entries were H. E. McGrath's Artist, A. C. Franklin's Nevada, August Belmont's Gray Planet, W. Cottrill's Alice Mitchell, R. W. Walden's Aerolite, A. B. Lewis & Co.'s Bessie Lee, and F. A. Watson's Valley Brook. The last named was withdrawn and reserved for the 3-Bowring race, having been entered in both. Gray Planet was made a favorite by his followers, who, forgetting how often he had before deceived them at Saratoga and Jerome Park, again plunged on him recklessly, under the idea that the distance, a mile dash, would just suit him. The Kentucky division, who follow the fortunes of Price McGrath, were thus enabled to get on their money to advantage, their confidence in the colt increased by the knowledge that he had been favorably tried with Tom Bowling a few mornings before. The pools sold as follows:

Gray Planet	$160	$100	$305	$220	$400	$510
Artist	50	30	100	85	155	200
Nevada	30	30	100	85	135	150
Field	45	35	105	95	145	190

As had start was had, Gray Planet getting off ahead of his opponents, with Bessie Lee second, Nevada third, and Artist last of all. Around the turn Gray Planet led a clear length. Nevada being second and Artist third. At the quarter, the horses were running in the same order, Aerolite having taken fourth place. Along the backstretch both Artist and Nevada challenged Gray Planet, who shut up the moment he was tackled, and fell behind. At the half-mile pole Artist drew clear of Nevada and the Tennessee filly could never again reach him; Artist bearing the McGrathiana jacket to victory, and winning the race by two lengths; Nevada leading Gray Planet the same distance. Time, 1:46. Summary:

SAME DAY—SECOND RACE.—Purse $400, for all ages, dash of one mile; $300 to the first, $100 to the second and $50 to the third.

H. P. McGrath's br c Artist, 3 yrs old, by Asteroid, dam Fanny, 90lb ..... Abe Robinson 1
A. C. Franklin's b f Nevada, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Lightsome, 106lb ..... A. Cantrell 2
A. Belmont's gr c Gray Planet, 4 yrs old, by Planet, dam Eagless, 108lb ..... Hamione 3
W. Cottrill's ch f Alice Mitchell, 3 yrs old, by Planet, dam Volga, 87lb ..... Hapster 0
R. W. Walden's b c Aerolite, 3 yrs old, by Asteroid, dam Stella, 90lb ..... F. Pulton 0
A. B. Lewis & Co.'s b f Bessie Lee, 4 yrs old, by Hunter's Lexington, dam by Chorister, 100lb ..... W. Lakeland 0

Fred A. Watson's b c Valley Brook, 3 yrs old, by Jerome Edgar, dam Minnie Minor, 90lb ..... Mahoney 4dis
M. H. Sanford's b h Bingaman, 5 yrs old, by Asteroid, dam Bay Leaf, 115lb ..... Haywood 5dis
D. J. Crouse's ch c Business, 3 yrs old, by Revolver, dam Siren, 108lb ..... W. Lakeland 6dis
A. B. Lewis & Co.'s b c Joe Johnston, 3 yrs old, by Hunter's Lexington, dam by Oliver, 90lb ..... A. Lakeland dis

Time, 1:45; 1:46.

THE JERSEY DERBY.

The great event of the day and meeting was the next race, and the excitement was great as the bell rang for horses to appear on the course. Of the forty-nine entries only seven came to the post; the others frightened away by the prestige of Tom Bowling, Count D'Orsay and Springbok. Like last year, it was the champions of the Eastern and Western turf arrayed against each other. Kentucky was represented by Tom Bowling, and New York by Springbok. Tom Bowling, at two years old, had run five times; winning the Flash Stakes at Saratoga, and the Thespian and July Stakes at Monmouth Park. This Spring he had run for and won a three-year old stake at Lexington, mile heats, in 1:43½; 1:43½; the quickest time on record at that distance in a race of heats ever made by horses of any age. Thousands of dollars were sent on to back him. His most formidable opponent, Springbok, owned by the McDaniels' Confederacy, had won the Belmont Stakes this year, beating a large field of good horses. Count D'Orsay, the winner of the Weatherby Stakes, was also among the runners, but he was only looked upon as the third choice. The pools sold were very heavy, the partisans of the Kentucky and McDaniels' stable buying them with unflinching gameness to the last moment. The other starters were S. D. Bruce's ch c Galway, F. Morris' Long Branch, John Cofee's bay colt by Lightning, and J. W. Hunt Reynolds' Whisper. Ever since Jerome Park races Springbok had been the favorite, but at the West End Hotel at Long Branch, the night before, Tom Bowling's owner had bought him with such confidence that the public followed suit, and he became the favorite. On the course, however, Springbok was once more made the first choice under the weight of money going on him. The pools sold as under:

Mcgrath	$1000	$1,200	$1,250
McDaniels	1,000	1,150	1,250
Belmont	400	350	200
Myrtle	100	110	90
Field	100	110	90

Just as the race was about to commence a heavy rainstorm fell, making the course heavy toward the finish. Bobby Swim was on Tom Bowling, and Jimmy Rose on Springbok; the appearance of both horses on the track being greeted with tremendous cheering. The start was from the half-mile pole, and was not a good one by any means. Tom Bowling getting off on a running start more than three lengths ahead of his opponent, Springbok being second, Long Branch third, and Springbok and D'Orsay last; the horse Lucy Jackson, brought up to assist Tom Bowling, interfering with the two last-named horses, without any objection on the part of the starter. Tom Bowling made good use of his advantage, for he made the pace from the side from the start, and the head of the stretch he was three clear lengths in front of Long Branch, who was a length in advance of Springbok. As the horses went under the string, Tom Bowling was leading Springbok four lengths, with Count D'Orsay at the latter's quarters. Going around the club-house turn, Springbok reduced Tom's lead to two lengths, Count D'Orsay still keeping the third place. At the quarter-pole there was no change of position, but on the backstretch Springbok got to Tom's quarters, and lay there for fifty yards. But Swim knew his horse's speed, and, with implicit reliance on it, he took a strong pull on him, and allowed Springbok to get on even terms with him at the half-mile pole. It was only to excite the momentary hopes of the latter's supporters, and to dispel them the next instant; for the moment he let go his pull on the bridle, Tom Bowling shot away the finest kind of a winner by four lengths, Springbok beating Count D'Orsay, after an exciting contest, by a head. Long Branch was fourth, Whisper fifth, Galway sixth, and Coffee's colt last. All the first three horses in the race were very tired, for the track was in a wretched condition from the rain, which accounted for the slow time made. The time, 2:45¼, was far from fast, although some portion of the race was run at a good pace. By a singular coincidence, Tom Bowling's name was first in the list of entries, first on the cards, and first in the race.

SAME DAY.—FOURTH RACE.—Third renewal of the Jersey Derby Stakes, valued at $1,500, added to a sweepstakes of $50 each, p. p., for three-year-old colts and fillies, the second to receive $200 out of the stakes, and the third only closed with forty-nine nominations, of which three were rendered null by the death of the nominator, Mr. J. S. Watson; value of stakes, $3,889; a dash of a mile and a half.

H. P. McGrath's b c Tom Bowling, by Lexington, dam Lucy Fowler, by imp. Albion, 110lb ..... Swim 1
D. McDaniels' b c Springbok, by imp. Australian, dam Hester, by Lexington, 110lb ..... Rose 2
A. Belmont's ch c Count D'Orsay, by Kentucky, dam Lady Blessington, by imp. Eclipse, 110lb ..... Palmer 3
S. D. Bruce's ch c Galway, by Concord, dam Maudina, 110lb ..... Barbee 0
F. Morris' ch c Long Branch, by imp. Eclipse, dam Mollie Sneckenoss, 110lb ..... Sparling 0
J. Coffee's gr c ——, by Lightning, dam Jessamine Porter, 110lb ..... Green Webb 0
J. W. Hunt Reynolds' b c Whisper, by Planet, dam Mattie Gross, 110lb ..... W. Lakeland 0

Time, 2:45¾.

DEXTER PARK MEETING.

Upon another page will be found a report of the first three days' racing at the meeting held at Dexter Park, Chicago, Ill., last week. On the fourth day, July 4, six thousand persons visited the track. The weather was much like that of the preceding days, rain falling at intervals, and rendering the running track very muddy, though it did not have any ill effect upon that over which the trotters were speeded. The half-mile running race came first, Power's bay filly, Carrie F., winning easily in 53 seconds; Simpson's bay colt Three Cheers second; and his bay filly Marion third. The postponed 2:27 was next called, and was quickly disposed of. Fred Hooper, getting a couple of lengths' advantage in the send-off, trotted to the half mile in 1:11, and came home ahead in the fifth heat, with Ripon Boy second, John A. third, and Joker fourth.

The next race was for a purse of $1,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:50, and was easily won by F. F. Wanmaker's black gelding Albert in three straight heats; Crawford's chestnut mare Nellie second, Darling's Quicksilver third, and Martin's Chesten fourth; with Fox distanced in the second heat. Time, 2:36½; 2:34½; 2:33¾.

The last race was for a pacing premium of $500, free for all, six heats being contested before the race could be decided. Copper Bottom was a hot favorite in the pools, but he was evidently pulled for speculative purposes. Sleepy Bill won the first heat in 2:22½, Copper Bottom the second, Harry third, Copper Bottom fourth, and Fanny Fern distanced. Harry was permitted to take the second heat, and he at once became the favorite in the pools, when Copper Bottom came to the front, and took the third and fourth heats. A demand was then made for a change of drivers for Copper Bottom, on the ground that he had been held back, and the result was that Harry won the next two heats and the race, distancing Copper Bottom in the last heat. Time, 2:22½; 2:30; 2:31; 2:25½; 2:26¾.

FIFTH DAY, July 5.—The first race was a running dash of one and a quarter miles, for all ages, for purse of $400, the first horse receiving $200, the second $100. The race was won by Barne's bay mare Lady Fairfax, Summer's bay mare Rocket second, and Jennings' bay colt Cape Race third; Cape Race being the favorite in the pools. Time, 2:16.

The second was a trotting race for $3,000 for horses that had never trotted in 2:30; $1,500 to the first horse, $750 to the second, $450 to the third, and $300 to the fourth. There were eight entries, as follows: Topsy, Hattie, Black Prince, Lady Fox, Red Wing, Country Boy, Caldwell, and Logan; Caldwell winning the first, Logan the second, Country Boy the third, and Red Wing the fourth money. Time, 2:26; 2:27; 2:27¾; 2:31½. The next and last race was a run, three-mile heats, for $3,000. Six horses started. Euchre took in the first heat in 5:41¼, Silent Friend coming in second, Venus third, and the rest distanced. In the second heat Euchre threw her rider and dashed through a fence, falling into a ditch, but was not seriously injured. Her rider escaped unhurt. Venus took the heat, but the whole affair was declared null by the judges, who decided in favor of the rider of Euchre's plea, who claimed foul riding, which caused his overthrow. All bets were declared off.

RACING AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.—A three days' meeting was held at Syracuse last week, commencing on the 2d. The attendance was good throughout. The three-minute race was won by Deceiver. Best time, 2:44¾. The 2:44 race was won by Tom Walters. Time, 2:40½; 2:38; 2:39½. Second day, July 3.—The 2:30 race was won by Billy, after five heats. Best time, 2:32½. The 2:38 race was won by Tom Walters in 2:38; 2:37½; 2:38½. Third day, July 4.—In the first race, a 2:45 race, three horses started. Hunnel Dick won in three straight heats. Time, 2:47½; 2:43 2:46. The second, a 2:40 race, was won by Lucy Jackson in three straight heats. Time, 2:38; 2:35¼, and 2:36¼. The third, a running race of half-mile heats, six starters, was won by Nellie Archoley, Victory second, Blackbird third and Kearsarge fourth. Time, 0:55½; 0:54¼, 0:55½, and 0:54½.

A MILE-AND-REPEAT running race took place at Sacramento, Cal., July 3, between Baxter and Treat's brown mare Nell, Flaherty, aged, by Rifleman out of Jenny Hall, and Thornhill. The latter won the first heat in 1:44½, Nell winning the second and third heats in 1:45 and 1:45½.

HOT PUNCH, Roscey and Lizzie trotted for $400 at McKee's Rocks, below Pittsburgh, Pa., on the Fourth, the first-named taking the first, second and fourth heats, Roscey winning the third. Time, 2:47½; 2:40¾; 2:48; 2:40¾.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE NEW ENGLAND WALKING CHAMPIONSHIP.

The contest, heretofore adverted to in our columns, for the challenge gold medal emblematic of the title of ten-mile champion walkist of New England took place at the grounds of the Boston (Mass.) Baseball Club on Wednesday afternoon, July 2. Several hundred spectators were present, and seven entries had been made, only five of whom started, viz: John D. Wayne, Charles S. Cushing and Ed. A. Mullin of Boston, Albert Libby of Woburn, and John Driscoll of Lynn. John Haydock and Charles Copeland officiated as judges. The start was made about half-past three o'clock. A track forming nearly a circle, and measuring the fifth of a mile, was staked off upon the ball grounds, and the men were consequently required to make the circuit fifty times. The men had not proceeded far before Mullin gained the lead, and kept it for several turns of the track, the others struggling along, with Driscoll behind. Mullin's first mile was made in eight and one-half minutes, several being but a short distance behind. Wayne was ahead on the second mile, which was made in nine minutes and a half. Libby now took his turn at the lead, closely followed by Wayne and Mullin, Driscoll and Cushing falling behind. In the third circuit in the third mile Mullin and Libby gained a lap on Driscoll. Libby and Mullin kept along together for a while, each in turn skipping by the other as he felt like it. Cushing lost a lap in the fourth mile, all but Driscoll being ahead of him, and he was losing some at each circuit. The fifth mile was made in nine and three-quarter minutes, and the five miles in forty-eight minutes fifteen seconds, Mullin leading, Libby close behind, Wayne half a lap in the rear, and the others two laps and over. At the sixth mile Driscoll, who was half a mile behind, gave out and retired from the ring. At the commencement of the seventh mile, Cushing, who had violated the rules in some way and been previously warned, was ruled out and retired, but soon reappeared and walked on till the whole was accomplished. At the third turn on the eighth mile, Wayne, who had been in the rear of Libby and Mullin for some time, made a spurt and took the lead amid great applause. At this time Mullin was compelled to retire, as the nails in his shoes came through into his feet. At the ninth mile, Wayne, who now had only Libby for a competitor, improved his speed and widened the gap between them considerably. The tenth mile was made by Wayne in nine minutes and forty-five seconds, and the whole ten miles in one hour forty-two minutes and forty-five seconds. At the close Wayne was a good half lap ahead of Libby. Wayne was therefore declared the winner of the race, Libby second and Cushing third. Wayne takes the champion medal and Libby the belt.

BASEBALL.

ATHLETIC vs. ATLANTIC.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The fourth championship game between the Athletics of Philadelphia and the Atlantics of Brooklyn was played on the former's grounds, Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, on July 7, in the presence of about six hundred spectators. The fielding of both nines was about equal. The Athletic by their superior batting won by the following score:

ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.
McGeary, s s	2	5	2	3	Barlow, c	0	0	3	1
McBride, p	2	2	2	2	Pearce, s s	0	1	1	5
Anson, 1st b	2	4	9	0	Burdock, 2d b	1	1	2	5
Fisler, 2d b	0	3	4	3	Boyd, r f	2	3	0	0
Fisher, r f	1	1	1	0	Ferguson, 3d b	2	3	5	1
Sutton, 3d b	2	4	0	3	Britt, p	0	0	0	1
Clapp, c	1	2	6	0	Dehiman, 1st b	0	1	12	0
Murnan, c f	3	1	1	0	Pabor, l f	2	2	2	1
McMullen, l f	3	2	4	0	Remsen, c f	0	0	2	1
Totals	16	24	27	11	Totals	7	11	27	15

Athletic	4	3	3	1	2	0	1	1—16	
Atlantic	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	1	3—7

Runs earned—Athletic, 8; Atlantic, 3. Bases on errors—Athletic, 6; Atlantic, 8. Umpire—A. C. Halbach of the Olympics. Time—1h. 55m.

MUTUAL vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The fourth championship game between these clubs took place at Brooklyn, N. Y., July 7, in the presence of about a thousand spectators, quite a falling-off from the Fourth of July game, in which the receipts exceeded $3,200, each player earning $107. The contest opened promisingly for a New York victory, but afterward both clubs dropped into the muffin business, the Mutuals excelling, a total of no less than thirty-five fielding errors marking the contest.

THE GAME.

Play was called at 3:47 by Charley Mills, the Philadelphians going to the bat. Cuthbert opened play with a safe bounder to left field, but as the next three gave easy chances for outs, no run was scored. Eggler then led off on the Mutual side, but he was easily thrown out by Meyerle. Higham, however, hit a bounder to his base, and as Wood failed to stop Hatfield's hot ball a life was given, and as Start and Nelson hit safely for their bases, three runs were scored, one being earned.

In the second inning, though Bechtel hit safely for his base, only three men went to the bat, a double play by Holdsworth, Higham and Start ending the inning. In the Philadelphia side the first three struck out, Eggler scored base hits, and as the third—Eggler—made a three-base hit, and Start one base, three runs were earned and four scored. This left the totals at 7 to 0 in favor of the Mutuals and victory looked promising for New York. Singularly enough, the following ones did not hedge in their betting, but kept up their confidence in the success of the Philadelphians, and it was warranted by the play which followed, as, after two men were put out in the third inning, a muff and a wild throw by Hatfield prevented the Whites from being blanked, and as Balls was a little shaky in handling the ball, when attempting to touch Cuthbert running in home, a run was scored. This was the initiatory step of a series of errors by the Mutuals, which, in the fourth inning, gave the Philadelphias six unearned runs; this result taking all the heart out of the contest for the time being. Afterward the Philadelphians muffed considerably, by which the New Yorkers had singles given them in the fourth, fifth and sixth innings; but they failed to score an earned run after the second inning, and only made three base-hits, their batsmen giving the Philadelphians many chances for outs. The close of the eighth inning left the total at 10 to 7 in favor of New York, but in the ninth inning the Whites earned two runs and scored 6, thereby coming in the victors by 13 to 10. Fine catches were made by Treacey, Cuthbert and Fulmer, and Myerle made some good stops. Eggler and Gedney made the catches on the other side, Holdsworth making a good one and Gedney several. Malone led the score at the bat, Gedney leading on the other side. The following is the score:

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.
Cuthbert, l f	2	2	2	0	Eggler, c	1	1	7	0
Wood, 2d b	2	2	4	3	Higham, 2d b	2	2	3	3
Malone, c	2	3	0	1	Hatfield, 3d b	3	0	0	0
Meyerle, 3d b	0	0	1	3	Start, 1st b	1	2	6	0
Bechtel, r f	0	2	2	0	Nelson, r f	0	2	1	0
Fulmer, s s	0	1	1	3	Hicks, c	0	2	4	1
Treacy, c f	0	2	2	0	Martin, p	0	0	0	0
Mack, 1st b	0	1	10	0	Gedney, l f	0	2	2	0
Zettlein, p	0	0	0	2	Holdsworth, s s	0	1	1	2
Totals	6	13	22	12	Totals	7	15	27	9

Philadelphia	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Mutual	1	0	4	1	3	0	0	0	1	0

First base by errors—Philadelphia, 1; Mutual, 6. Runs earned—Philadelphia, 2; Mutual, 4. Total fielding errors—Philadelphia, 15; Mutual, 20. Umpire—Mr. Mills of the Atlantic. Time—2h.

The Philadelphians play the Atlantics on Wednesday on the Union Grounds.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP ARENA.

THE JUNE RECORD.

The following is the record of championship games played during the month of June last:

June 2, Boston vs. Atlantic, at Boston	5	to 0
June 2, Baltimores vs. Washington, at Baltimore	12	3
June 3, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	6	5
June 4, Boston vs. Resolute, at Waverly	13	5
June 4, Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	12	9
June 5, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Philadelphia	22	8
June 6, Boston vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore	17	11
June 6, Washington vs. Philadelphia, at Washington	28	10
June 7, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	12	10
June 7, Athletic vs. Resolute, at Philadelphia	14	4
June 9, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia	8	7
June 10, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	22	3
June 9, Baltimore vs. Boston, at Baltimore	14	6
June 10, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	8	7
June 11, Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	7	5
June 11, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	7	5
June 12, Boston vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn	11	4
June 12, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	10	8
June 13, Mutual vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore	11	8
June 14, Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston	3	0
June 14, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia	16	9
June 16, Baltimore vs. Washington, at Washington	7	6
June 17, Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Boston	11	6
June 17, Baltimore vs. Resolute, at Baltimore	16	4
June 18, Atlantic vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn	13	4
June 18, Washington vs. Philadelphia	14	3
June 19, Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Baltimore	10	2
June 19, Philadelphia vs. Resolute, at Philadelphia	11	4
June 20, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	18	7
June 20, Atlantic vs. Washington, at Washington	19	18
June 21, Baltimore vs. Atlantic, at Baltimore	18	2
June 21, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	17	5
June 21, Mutual vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn	9	8
June 23, Philadelphia vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore	13	6
June 24, Philadelphia vs. Washington, at Washington	23	4
June 24, Mutual vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn	2	0
June 27, Baltimore vs. Maryland, at Baltimore	20	0
June 28, Atlantic vs. Resolute, at Brooklyn	10	0
June 28, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	27	17
June 30, Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston	11	7
June 30, Baltimore vs. Maryland, at Baltimore	35	1
Total	561	233

Forty-one games were played in June with an average of 13 runs to a match and 13 over on the winning side.

SUMMARY OF RECORD.

The following is a summary of the monthly record in the championship arena, showing the games played, won and lost each month by each club:

APRIL.

Games Pld.	Won.	Lost.	Games Pld.	Won.	Lost.
Philadelphia	3	0	Maryland	0	0
Baltimore	4	3	Mutual	0	0
Washington	4	2	Atlantic	0	0
Athletic	3	1			
Boston	1	0	Totals	18	9
Resolute	1	0			

MAY.

Philadelphia	10	8	Washington	5	1
Athletic	9	8	Resolute	4	0
Baltimore	15	8	Maryland	1	0
Boston	6	4			
Atlantic	7	3	Totals	68	34
Mutual	11	2			

JUNE.

Philadelphia	12	11	Washington	6	1
Boston	13	10	Resolute	10	1
Baltimore	11	8	Maryland	2	0
Athletic	8	4			
Atlantic	10	3	Totals	82	41
Mutual	10	3			

TOTALS FOR FIRST THREE MONTHS.

Philadelphia	27	22	Mutual	21	5
Boston	20	14	Resolute	15	1
Athletic	20	13	Maryland	3	0
Baltimore	30	19			
Atlantic	17	6	Totals	168	84
Washington	15	4			

CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES LAST WEEK.

The following is the record of championship games to date this season:

July 1, Athletics vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore	11	to 2
July 2, Atlantic vs. Washington, at Brooklyn	5	1
July 2, Resolute vs. Mutual (forfeited)	9	0
July 2, Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Boston	2	1
July 3, Philadelphia vs. Baltimore, at Philadelphia	13	6
July 4, Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	10	6
July 4, Baltimore vs. Washington, at Washington	11	2
July 4, Boston vs. Resolute, at Boston	32	3
July 4, Philadelphia vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore	13	12
July 5, Boston vs. Resolute, at Boston	13	3
July 5, Athletic vs. Washington, at Philadelphia	14	3
July 5, Athletic vs. Atlantic at Philadelphia	16	7
July 7, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	13	10

ATLANTIC vs. MUTUAL.

These rival clubs of New York and Brooklyn met together in the championship arena on the Union Grounds, at the latter place, on July 4, for the first time this season, and so great was the interest taken in the match, and so confident were the patrons of the game that they would be afforded a chance to witness a fair and legitimate struggle between these two rival organizations for the State Championship honors, that not less than five thousand people were spectators on the occasion, such another gathering not having been seen on the field since those years ago. The presence of such an assemblage, among which were people who had not seen a match for years past, afforded ample proof of the fallacy of the statement that the game is "played out" in this vicinity.

THE GAME.

Play was called at 3.40 by Swandell, the Mutuals going to the bat. They at once began to show how well they can bat when they put their shoulders to the wheel, Eggler, Hatfield and Start making sharp safe hits, which resulted in the scoring of an earned run. By equally effective fielding they disposed of the Atlantics for a blank, Barlow alone making a base hit. Hicks took his place as catcher despite the severe blow he received in his face the day before, and when playing behind Boyd in this game he was again hit in the face, his mouth being the point struck this time. After recovering, however, he caught Boyd out on a sharp fly tip, just as if nothing had happened to intimidate him. In the second inning neither side scored, Hicks again taking one of those hot fly tips in fine style. In the third inning the Mutuals punished Britt to the tune of two earned runs and four scored, errors assisting, the Atlantics being a little astonished at the way their pitcher was being hit by the Mutuals, who hitherto have not shown out strong at the bat before. Barlow took a fine fly-tip ball in this inning. On the Atlantic side another blank was drawn, the "Magentas" finding Matthews a pitcher not to be punished easily. The score now stood at 5 to 0 in favor of the Mutuals, and those who had bet on the Atlantics at two to one began to look surprised. In the fourth inning Higham and Hatfield hit for two bases each, and Start added an earned run to the score, leaving the totals at 6 to 0 and a one-sided game in prospect. Now it was that the weak point of the Mutual team began to be seen. Britt opened on the Atlantic side with an easy ball to Hatfield, who sent it like lightning over Start's head, and Britt took his third by the operation. Dehlman then hit to the same spot, and so wild and swift was Hatfield's throw this time that both men got home before the ball was returned. The betting men who had invested at odds on the Atlantics now began to smile confidently, as much as to say "We're all right," and they laughed outright when Hatfield's muff of Burdock's ball and a low, swift throw to Start gave another life and a run in. This was something Joe could not stand, so he walked over to where Hatfield was standing, and in face of the whole assemblage he gave ye honorable captain of the Mutual nine "a piece of his mind," the result of which was that Hatfield went to right field and Nelson to third. Just about this time a sudden shower of rain caused a suspension of play, and for some cause or other there was a delay in the game, even after the short shower had stopped, and the field had been cleared, Hatfield being absent in the club building. From this time forth no errors of any amount marked the fielding of the Mutuals, except in the seventh inning, when Burdock got his base and a run by a series of errors commenced by a poor throw of Higham's, a muff by Start, a passed ball and a wild throw by Hicks being prominent. Four blanks in the last five innings testified to the excellence of the Mutual fielding, the gist of the work being done by Start and Hicks, the latter's play being the feature of the contest. The Mutuals scored but one base-hit in the sixth, seventh and eighth innings, after having earned a run in the fifth and scored 3. In their last inning the Mutuals scored an earned run, Hicks making a three-base hit and Burdock and Remsen marking the fielding with two splendid catches. The final result of the contest was the success of the Mutuals by a score of 10 to 6, a success largely due to the earnest efforts of Start and Hicks in their positions, in supporting the effective pitching of Matthews. Of the general play in the match Nelson is credited with two good catches at right field, and Hatfield with leading at the bat, all his base hits, however, being made in the first three innings. On the Atlantic side Ferguson led at the bat, Burdock scoring off the palm in the field. The full score of the game is appended:

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.
Eggler, c f	1	2	1	0	Barlow, c	1	2	3	1
Higham, 2d b	1	2	2	3	Pearce, s s	0	1	1	5
Hatfield, 3d b	1	3	1	2	Burdock, 2d b	1	0	6	2
Start, 1st b	1	2	7	1	Boyd, r f	0	0	0	0
Nelson, r f	2	2	2	0	Ferguson, 3d b	1	0	2	1
Hicks, c	0	0	4	2	Britt, p	0	0	0	1
Matthews, p	0	0	0	0	Dehlman, 1st b	0	1	13	0
Gedney, l f	1	2	0	0	Pabor, l f	0	1	1	0
Holdsworth, s s	0	0	1	4	Remsen, c f	1	1	1	0
Totals	10	15	27	9	Totals	6	7	27	12

Mutual	1	0	4	1	3	0	0	0	1	—10
Atlantic	0	0	0	5	0	0	1	0	0	—6

First base by errors—Mutual, 4; Atlantic, 6. Runs earned—Mutual, 6; Atlantic, 0. Total fielding errors—Mutual, 12; Atlantic, 16. Umpire—Mr. Swandell. Time—2h. 25m.

The betting was on the Atlantics at the rate of two to one, though the general idea was that the Atlantics would have a tough time of it to win. The betting men, however, seemed to think otherwise. The display did not compare with that shown in the two previous games on the same ground.

PHILADELPHIA vs. BALTIMORE.

The fifth championship game between the Philadelphia Whites and Stockings and the Baltimores was played on the 3d inst., on the former's ground, Philadelphia. The weather being very warm, the attendance suffered, not more than five or six hundred persons being present. Before considerable warming about an umpire, Al Reach of the Athletics was finally decided upon, and the game commenced at half-past four o'clock, with the Baltimores at the bat. The Philadelphias by their remarkably fine batting took the lead at the outset, earning all their runs made in the first two innings, with one in the fourth, and one in the eighth, the four unearned runs being given by the errors of McVey, Mills and Force. The Baltimores did not earn a run in the game; Craver and Carey, who scored after getting their bases by clean hits, were assisted home by Start, a passed ball and a wild throw by Hicks being prominent. Four blanks in the last five innings testified to the excellence of the Mutual fielding, the gist of the work being done by Start and Hicks, the latter's play being the feature of the contest. The Mutuals scored but one base-hit in the sixth, seventh and eighth innings, after having earned a run in the fifth and scored 3. In their last inning the Mutu

A CLEAR CASE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOS. G. MORRISON.

When politicians cease scheming;
When speculators cease dreaming;
When quack-doctors cease prescribing;
When engineers cease imbibing;
When dull lecturers cease whining;
When grave magistrates cease fining;
When servile rascals cease fawning in vain;
When needy wretches cease pawning;
When lovers cease corresponding;
When gay cashiers cease absconding;
When the "poor heathen" cease wanting;
When drunkards, gin-mills, cease haunting;
When knaves, for office, cease running;
When stern creditors cease dunning;
When "back-biters" cease defaming;
When ruffians their wives cease maiming;
When alms-houses cease fostering;
When acrobats cease posturing;
When confidence sharks cease preying;
When the "dollar stores" cease paying;
When public officials cease wronging;
When emigrants, westward, cease thronging;
When horse-car conductors cease beating;
When wily usurers cease cheating;
When sailors "tough yarns" cease relating;
When newsboys cease cease undercrating;
When humbugs cease prognosticating;
When slang phrases cease circulating;
When President Grant ceases smoking;
When opera-singers cease croaking;
When desperate rowdies cease brawling;
When tourists cease "Switzerland" raveling;
When envious dames cease deriding;
When lawyers, with criminals, cease siding;
When city baseball clubs cease thirsty thieving;
When truckmen over children cease driving;
When railroad accidents cease occurring;
When the suspicious cease wondering;
When public officials cease grumbling;
When slanderous tongues cease rambling;
When tonsorial artists cease cropping;
When detectives on culprits cease dropping;
When "Old Sol" and "Fair Luna" cease beaming,
And the countless brilliant stars cease gleaming—
Then doubtless, Old Time—venerable sire—
Will "throw up the sponge," and straightway expire;
Then, things shall ensue too dreadful to relate—
So, we'll cast by the pen, and cease to prate.

A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It was a glorious August night; and the moon, a young moon as yet, shone sweetly over the magnificent expanse of country that lay spread out before and below that far-famed hotel, the Catskill Mountain House. Over in one corner of the broad piazza there were a little group, with whose principal characters and speakers our story has to do. There were half a dozen pretty girls and as many gentlemen; but among all the fair faces there, the fairest was a proud-looking Greek-faced girl, whose dark eyes had caught the shimmer of the moonlight, and whose full, curved lips proclaimed a nature full of sweetness, although perhaps a trifle haughty. Among the men there were two—standing side by side at the moment, as it happened—before whom could not fail to attract the attention of the "looker-on in Vienna." Cesar de Luna was unmistakably a Spaniard. He was of medium height, very slender, and his face was pallid and wholly devoid of color, save the great, burning black eyes, that in every way but their color, resembled a Moody gaze one could never catch. His companion, Earle Surelle, formed about as marked a contrast to the keen and supercilious-looking Spaniard as was possible. He was tall, lithe-limbed, and powerful-looking. His head was put on his shoulders much after the fashion of that of an ancient Romain, and his face, with its square outline, dark-gray eyes, and full, red mouth, half-hidden by a black moustache, glowed with the splendor of vigorous life, youth, and passion.

"I am sure I can see no possible reason why Miss Darenne and the rest of you ladies should not have your moonlight ride," said Surelle, knocking the ashes from his cigar and addressing himself to the assembled group.

Dot Darenne looked up at him with her gentlest smile, while all the others broke out in loud exclamations of delight.

"When will the moon be old enough for this proposed piece of folly?" questioned Senor de Luna in what was intended for a tone of contempt; but because no one could speak anything but love to look up at him coldly, and the full Greek lips demanded:

"Why piece of folly, Mr. de Luna? I presume, however, since that is your opinion of equestrian exercise by moonlight, it will hardly be necessary for Mr. Surelle to invite you to join the party while he leads it." The keen sarcasm with which the girl meant that they should, and the senor's voice was but ill controlled as he gracefully answered:

"Pardon me, senorita, but I was not aware that the expedition was especially under the supervision of Mr. Surelle, and you know well enough, I have added, in a lowered tone, "that I should follow your lead to—the lower world, if need be. Will you allow me to be your cavalier in the excursion?" he asked in a tone of soft pleading.

"Thank you," she answered frigidly "I am engaged to Mr. Surelle."

A shadow flitted over de Luna's face, but in another instant it was dispelled, as with an air of devoted gallantry he offered to fold Miss Darenne's shawl more closely about her.

"Thanks. It is immensely cold, isn't it? *Cheres amis*, I believe I'll take a turn around the piazza, and see if I can't get warm." Earle Surelle turned quickly to join her, but the Spaniard, with a flash in his eyes, had been before him this time.

"Allow me to offer you my arm, senorita." Earle turned to continue his conversation, and Dot Darenne walked languidly down the piazza, leaning on Cesar de Luna's arm. No sooner were they far enough removed from the gay group for their words to be inaudible, than the Spaniard spoke:

"Senorita," he began in the softest and sweetest cadence of his low, southern voice—senorita, I can stand this no longer. You have avoided me, escaped me, for a long time; but to-night I must and will have a answer from you! This passion-longing in my heart must be satisfied—must find relief in words. *O madre de Dios!* do you not know how madly I love you? Do not look upon me thus coldly. O my queen, my idol! can you not—have you no love for me in return?"

It was almost cruel, but it was unmistakable. There certainly lurked the shadow of a smile about the corners of the handsome Greek mouth—a shadow provoked by the man's high-strung manner of expressing himself—a shadow that never would have been borne on the lips of a woman who cared for the man she listened to, or who had in her heart a particle of compassion for him.

"I regret to say that I have not, Mr. De Luna," she replied, quietly, and withdrawing her hands from those that had imprisoned them a moment.

"You do not mean it!" he cried, wildly. "You, who have encouraged me—oh, what do I say? You do not love me, Dot—you will never marry me?"

"I am sorry to say, Mr. de Luna, that I must most positively decline upon the honor you would confer upon me, with my entire appreciation of its importance." Dot Darenne turned away from him and swept up the piazza in the direction of the merry group which she had quitted but a few moments before. But ere she had proceeded many steps Cesar was beside her.

"You scorn my offer—you scorn my love! I see it in your face, and, senorita, I know for whom I am scorned—for whom I am rejected. 'Tis for Earle Surelle. Ha! ha! you have not kept your secret so closely but that my eyes have seen it; and I hate him, and will be revenged! That is all."

"My scorn," she cried quickly, "my scorn! "You certainly have it *now*—my most unmitigated scorn and contempt! Be kind enough to leave me, sir."

A few evenings later the same gay group were assembled on the piazza of the hotel. The moon was at the full, and never had she shone down on a more picturesque scene than this. All the girls were in their riding-habits, while the gentlemen were, nearly all of them, arrayed in their blue mountain-suits. All were active in mounting their respective charges.

"One moment, Miss Darenne," called Earle Surelle from the piazza—he was a trifle behind the rest. But Earle was too late, and Cesar de Luna held the tiny foot of Miss Darenne in his hand as he placed her to her horse's back with the most perfect grace.

"Thanks," said Dot, taking her whip from him. "You mounted me charmingly. By-the-bye, senor, who is to be your especial companion this evening?" It will be perceived that Miss Darenne and Mr. de Luna had become reconciled. Indeed, during the three or four days that had intervened since his refusal, the handsome Spaniard had displayed such a spirit of contrition, such deep humility of demeanor, and such untiring but unobtrusive devotion, that it had not been in Dot Darenne's heart to treat him harshly. Some of the old playfulness had returned to her manner as she asked him this question.

"I am the odd man," he answered, smilingly; "alone in my glory; but I shall never be lonely while I have this dark-blue dress in sight. Ah, here is Mr. Surelle."

In a few moments the whole party were mounted and off. Earle Surelle and Dot Darenne brought up the rear of the cavalcade, while Senor de Luna followed them at a few yards' distance. Dot had never looked more lovely in her life. Her blue habit fitted her to perfection, and from beneath her coquettish riding-cap, with its long plume, fell the great shower of her waving brown hair; on her sweet face, shorn to-night of all its haughtiness and pride, there rose a tender flush, and in her eyes there was such a soft light than anyone had ever yet seen in their liquid depths. The man who rode beside her drew his horse closer and closer until he finally caught her bridle, and, lacing it with his own, he looked down at her.

"Dot."

The brown eyes looked quietly up in his face, but the rose-flush deepened on her round cheek.

"Well?"

"Dot, you love me, don't you? O my darling! although I am more unworthy of you than you dream, just let me hear you say it once!"

Who could resist the impassioned pleading of that voice, so strong, so tender—so different from the voice of Cesar de Luna. His hand was over hers tightly, the bridles of both horses had fallen from his grasp, and for an instant Earle Surelle read in Dot Darenne's eyes the sweetest secret man ever solved, and heard her whisper:

"Yes."

"Whirr-r-r!" A flash of something white blinded his horse's eyes for an instant, and then Earle Surelle saw, flying before him in the pallid midsummer moonlight, Dot Darenne's chestnut mare, and her long hair streaming to the wind as she clung frantically over her steed's mane. Even as he saw her, his own horse with a mad plunge set off at a full gallop. But faster and faster flew the chestnut mare, and brighter and brighter in the moonlight shone the long and wavy bright brown hair.

His own saddle-girths were giving way: a moment more and the saddle slipped from under him; but with an action of perfect agility he retained his seat upon the animal's back—not so difficult a feat as it would seem, for the horse was showing signs of fatigue already, and his fright at the white flutter was well-nigh spent. But not so the chestnut mare: faster than ever she flew over the road to Hunter, and lower over her neck sank the bright brown head. Dot kept her seat like a heroine. Quicker than thought Earle stooped, pulled off first one boot and then the other, and with the grace and ease of a god he sprang to his feet on the bare back of his horse. The animal, unaccustomed to this style of equestrianism, was once more frightened into a speed somewhat commensurate with that of the flying thing before him.

"Houp-la!" he cried aloud, his voice ringing out in the still air. "Great God! if I can only catch up with her! Houp-la! get on!" he cried, cutting the bay's ears and working him into a fury, while he stood bare-headed on the animal's back, like a statue on a pedestal.

Hardly had his last "Houp-la!" rang out, ere Surelle was aware that he was followed, and in another in tant he heard the Spaniard's voice calling out, as he likewise urged his horse forward:

"Madre de Dios! Surelle, can we save her?"

Earle threw a lightning glance over his shoulder. He saw Cesar's face blanched with terror, his steed flecked with foam, and—in his hand there still fluttered a *white handkerchief!* In his flight he had probably neglected to put it in his pocket.

"*We* can *not* save her!" he yelled back through his teeth; "but *I will!*"

De Luna thrust the handkerchief into his pocket. What was there in Earle Surelle's eyes that made him remember it so suddenly? In the distance he saw his rival fleeing on the wings of the wind, standing erect, with his whip in his hand and his head bent, watching that long trail of brown hair in the moonlight.

"A circus-rider!" he muttered to himself. "No man else under heaven could do that. And I am to be put aside for him—a fellow like that, that smells of sawdust and stale jokes. Bah!"

But the chestnut mare was faltering in her speed, and Surelle's only hope was that he might reach her side before she gained the rest of the party, lest the sight of the cavalcade should cause her to rear and throw her burden to the earth. Alas! his suspicion was fully realized. The little chestnut, finding herself brought to bay by a cordon of riders crossing her path, faltered, made one plunge forward, and flung Dot Darenne on a pile of dirt by the roadside.

"My God!" In an instant more he would have rescued her. As it was, he could only leap to the ground and gather her in his arms, and assure himself that she was uninjured. The soft dirt had saved her; and there in the moonlight, with the crowd of terrified men and women about them, all talking at once, and all at once listening to Cesar de Luna's voice as he angrily made his way towards them, Earle Surelle thanked God as he had never done before.

"You damned impostor!" screamed De Luna. "Leave that lady to her equals and friends. Gentlemen, he is a circus-rider, this Earle Surelle, with probably as little right to the name he calls himself by as to the society he frequents!"

Surelle held Dot Darenne's head on his shoulder, he supported her in his arms. Any burden lighter or less dear he would have flung to the earth, to kill the man who spoke then and there. But the woman he loved lay helpless in his arms; and although his blood leaped and surged through his veins like wildfire, yet he merely turned on his assailant a countenance of terrific scorn, and, addressing the group clustered about him, spoke:

"Gentlemen, I *am* a circus rider. Thank God for it! Otherwise, to-night the girl who lies in my arms, unhurt now, would have been dead—dead through the intervention of the scoundrel who has just spoken. The white handkerchief which he threw in *my* horse's eyes did its work on Miss Darenne's also—a contingency, I presume, he has overlooked in his blackguardly villainy."

Cesar broke forth in his native tongue. Surelle's cool language and perfect self-possession of manner had been too much for him, and one of his friends led him off, with some show of force, to cool his temper at a little distance. Meanwhile the ladies did their best for Dot; and one of the gentlemen having procured a hatful of water from the little running brook over the fence, she was soon restored to consciousness, and assured them that she was totally unhurt.

"Are you sure, quite sure, my darling?" whispered Surelle, bending over her with a great longing in his eyes.

"Quite sure. Thank God, you are safe, Earle—my Earle!" she answered shyly, yet looking with a fond glance of love at the arms that encircled her.

Hal Wilson's cheery voice rang out on the air, accompanied by the rattle of a country vehicle, whose pattern the darkness prevented their seeing. It had seats and a cover—those two things were certain; and ere many minutes, having tied the chestnut and the bay on behind by their bridles, our trio were comfortably established in their homes and, as the rain fell in torrents, and the thunder roared among the cliffs and peaks, they were beside each other, and in the darkness Hal Wilson could never discern how one strong hand closed firmly over two soft little ones.

Months have passed. Dot Darenne is Dot Darenne still; but on the straight-cut Greek face there is as cold a shadow as though the death-angel had already set his seal there. Her cheek is thin, almost wasted, and about the beautiful brown eyes there are circles that tell only too well their tale of sorrow. With a straightforward honesty that was one of his noblest characteristics, Earle Surelle had, on their return to the city, immediately gone to Colonel Darenne, revealed his position in life, and asked for his daughter's hand. As may readily be supposed, Colonel Darenne treated his revelation and his request with the utmost scorn; and when his daughter joined her earnest and imploring persuasions to those of her lover, the anger of the old aristocrat was something terrible.

"A mountebank!" he exclaimed, raging up and down his library-floor like a caged lion—"a circus rider, a tumbler! Great heavens! that a child of mine should ever have lived to disgrace me thus. A Darenne wed with a professional acrobat! No. Sooner would I see you dead!" he cried; and Colonel Darenne was as good as his word. Dot was not allowed to go out, even across the street, unattended; her letters were one and all first handed either to her father or to her mother; and her every movement was kept under perfect surveillance. But, notwithstanding this vigilance, Earle, now and again, managed to obtain a letter from Earle, and to send him a line in return. "Faithful unto death" was the burden of both. By dint of reading the newspapers she kept herself posted as to his whereabouts; for in the excitement of his calling Surelle endeavored to find some measure of relief for the agony of mind that he endured.

Meanwhile Cesar de Luna was a constant visitor at the Darennes', and by some means or other contrived to be more generally at Dot's side, whether at opera, ball, theatre, or ball, than any one else; his suit, which he still pressed, was highly favored both by Colonel and Mrs. Darenne; while by their daughter he was treated with a languid indifference that, although it betokened no denial of his attentions, certainly betrayed no encouraging token of weariness. Dot Darenne was broken-hearted. There seemed not a ray of hope in her face, not a glance from her beautiful, sad eyes, that spoke of the future. She moved through life like a mechanical thing, not a human being; and whether Cesar de Luna or Hal Wilson was beside her, she evinced no feeling of any description for either.

De Luna, with the cunning of his nature, had never to anyone, so far as Dot knew, and certainly not to her, spoken a word relating to Surelle, his profession, or anything in any manner concerning him. His manner was one of perfect deference to her lightest wish, and unobtrusive devotion to her faintest whim; but beneath this calm exterior there burned the hope in the black-eyed Spaniard's breast that one day, worn out by long waiting, her love crushed out by time as it were, Dot Darenne would become his wife. He could afford to be patient and bide his time, with such a bauble in his brain.

One morning, at the breakfast-table, Dot's pale cheek flushed—aye, crimsoned. But she was only reading the paper—its usually most uninteresting side too, the advertisement columns. In a moment, however, the burning blush had faded away, leaving her face in its usual marble-like whiteness; but in her great eyes there gleamed a strange, new light, and on her soft mouth there flickered a faint smile.

"Papa, I have taken a strange fancy. I want you to take me to the circus to-night," she said, pushing the paper toward her father. "I see there is a new troupe at the Theatre. Will you take me?"

Colonel Darenne looked over the amusement column with a frown on his handsome face; but seeing therein no mention of Earle Surelle, as he had expected to, he threw aside the sheet with a laugh.

"Circus, Dot? What an idea! It is a troupe that bears a very good reputation, though. I'll take you, if you really do care to go."

"Thanks, papa; I do care." It was the very first request that his daughter had made to him for many a long month, and Colonel Darenne was only too glad to gratify what he was pleased to regard as a childish whim.

Why did Dot Darenne go about the house that day with such a rare smile on her lips? What new-found joy brought that peaceful look to her eyes, and those little snatches of happy song to her remembrance?

"I shall see him, I shall see him—to-night, to-night."

How could Colonel Darenne know that "The Great Alberti," whose name in large letters he had read that morning in the paper, and whose "perilous backward somersault act" he beheld in flaming posters about the corners of the streets, was Earle Surelle, his daughter's lover? How could he divine with the circus-rider, whose six-weeks' acquaintance with his only child he never ceased to regret, had not seen fit to drag the proud name his father bequeathed to him in sawdust or any other kind of dust, and that professionally he was known as "Alberti?" But the brown-eyed girl humming soft bits of verses to herself before her mirror, and decking herself as if to meet a king that night, knew that ere many hours she would behold the man who was dearer to her than her life.

Five minutes before eight; the orchestra is playing gayly the march from "Faust." Dot Varenne and her father have just taken their seats, three rows back from the ring-curb. Dot puts up her opera-glass, a tiny gilt-and-pearl affair, and looks over the house. It is full; but opposite her almost, surely that is Senor de Luna, although not dressed precisely in the senor's usual elegant style. He is sitting immediately at the ring, in the lowest tier, among a crowd of rough-looking boys and shabby men and women. By some subtle instinct, Dot feigns not to see him; and although she knows full well that he is aware of her presence, yet she perceives that he shifts uncomfortably in his seat and pretends to be oblivious to that fact. Why is he there? Why is he dressed thus strangely? Does he, can he, know that "Alberti" and his rival are one and the same? Dot shudders at she knows not what, and then the loud sweet swell of the music and the entrance of the cavalcade divert her thoughts from the dark-eyed man in the first tier. She glances hastily down the programme: five "special acts" before the sixth and last of "part first," when "The Great Alberti" will give his "unbert act of bareback equitation." Through all the bottle-balancing, and the Grecian poses, the tight-rope performances of Mademoiselle Blanche, and the hurdle act of Master Willie, Dot sits wearily, wondering "Will he see me? Will he look this way? What will he do?"

At last the flowered curtain at the left parts, and there dashes out a magnificent coal-black horse, with a strip of white bridle thrown loosely over his arching neck, and a jeweled whip in his mouth. In answer to the applause the first "Hoop-la!" as he springs to his feet on his black back, and throws bridle and bit to a waiting "supe."

Eagerly, breathlessly, she watches him, sees that some of his coolness has left him, that his strong hands quiver as he grasps the jeweled whip-handle and urges the black forward, while its hoofs, echoing clang of the horses' retreating hoofs, and ever and anon by the far-off peals of thunder resounding from hill to hill. Dot Darenne lay, motionless and still pallid, in Earle Surelle's arms, beneath the shelter of a wide-spreading pine. Now and then a vivid flash of lightning illuminated their features, and then all was total darkness again. Closer to his heart he drew her, as though to shelter her from the storm that was coming toward them, and as if in those strong arms no evil thing could ever touch her, no sorrow could ever cloud her young brow. But his full lips quivered, as he bent over her and spoke:

"Dot, were you conscious, did you hear what de Luna said when I held you first after the mare threw you?"

"Yes," she softly answered; "I heard it, Earle."

"And did you hear my answer?"

"Yes; I heard that too, Earle."

"And — O Dot, my darling, little Dot! it is all true. I am nothing but a miserable circus-rider—a star, it is true," he added with a half-mocking laugh, "but not Dot Darenne's to touch the hem of your garment. But I was not born to it. Oh, no, no! The name I bear to-day was my father's before me, and I have not dragged it in the dust. I ran away and joined a troupe when I was thirteen. Miss Darenne, shall I tell you my story?"

"Yes; I heard that too, Earle."

"And — O Dot, my darling, little Dot! it is all true. I am nothing but a miserable circus-rider—a star, it is true," he added with a half-mocking laugh, "but not Dot Darenne's to touch the hem of your garment. But I was not born to it. Oh, no, no! The name I bear to-day was my father's before me, and I have not dragged it in the dust. I ran away and joined a troupe when I was thirteen. Miss Darenne, shall I tell you my story?"

"Whirr-r-r!" A flash of something white blinded his horse's eyes for an instant, and then Earle Surelle saw, flying before him in the pallid midsummer moonlight, Dot Darenne's chestnut mare, and her long hair streaming to the wind as she clung frantically over her steed's mane. Even as he saw her, his own horse with a mad plunge set off at a full gallop. But faster and faster flew the chestnut mare, and brighter and brighter in the moonlight shone the long and wavy bright brown hair.

His own saddle-girths were giving way: a moment more and the saddle slipped from under him; but with an action of perfect agility he retained his seat upon the animal's back—not so difficult a feat as it would seem, for the horse was showing signs of fatigue already, and his fright at the white flutter was well-nigh spent. But not so the chestnut mare: faster than ever she flew over the road to Hunter, and lower over her neck sank the bright brown head. Dot kept her seat like a heroine. Quicker than thought Earle stooped, pulled off first one boot and then the other, and with the grace and ease of a god he sprang to his feet on the bare back of his horse. The animal, unaccustomed to this style of equestrianism, was once more frightened into a speed somewhat commensurate with that of the flying thing before him.

"Houp-la!" he cried aloud, his voice ringing out in the still air. "Great God! if I can only catch up with her! Houp-la! get on!" he cried, cutting the bay's ears and working him into a fury, while he stood bare-headed on the animal's back, like a statue on a pedestal.

Hardly had his last "Houp-la!" rang out, ere Surelle was aware that he was followed, and in another in tant he heard the Spaniard's voice calling out, as he likewise urged his horse forward:

"Madre de Dios! Surelle, can we save her?"

Earle threw a lightning glance over his shoulder. He saw Cesar's face blanched with terror, his steed flecked with foam, and—in his hand there still fluttered a *white handkerchief!* In his flight he had probably neglected to put it in his pocket.

"*We* can *not* save her!" he yelled back through his teeth; "but *I will!*"

De Luna thrust the handkerchief into his pocket. What was there in Earle Surelle's eyes that made him remember it so suddenly? In the distance he saw his rival fleeing on the wings of the wind, standing erect, with his whip in his hand and his head bent, watching that long trail of brown hair in the moonlight.

"A circus-rider!" he muttered to himself. "No man else under heaven could do that. And I am to be put aside for him—a fellow like that, that smells of sawdust and stale jokes. Bah!"

But the chestnut mare was faltering in her speed, and Surelle's only hope was that he might reach her side before she gained the rest of the party, lest the sight of the cavalcade should cause her to rear and throw her burden to the earth. Alas! his suspicion was fully realized. The little chestnut, finding herself brought to bay by a cordon of riders crossing her path, faltered, made one plunge forward, and flung Dot Darenne on a pile of dirt by the roadside.

"My God!" In an instant more he would have rescued her. As it was, he could only leap to the ground and gather her in his arms, and assure himself that she was uninjured. The soft dirt had saved her; and there in the moonlight, with the crowd of terrified men and women about them, all talking at once, and all at once listening to Cesar de Luna's voice as he angrily made his way towards them, Earle Surelle thanked God as he had never done before.

"You damned impostor!" screamed De Luna. "Leave that lady to her equals and friends. Gentlemen, he is a circus-rider, this Earle Surelle, with probably as little right to the name he calls himself by as to the society he frequents!"

Surelle held Dot Darenne's head on his shoulder, he supported her in his arms. Any burden lighter or less dear he would have flung to the earth, to kill the man who spoke then and there. But the woman he loved lay helpless in his arms; and although his blood leaped and surged through his veins like wildfire, yet he merely turned on his assailant a countenance of terrific scorn, and, addressing the group clustered about him, spoke:

"Gentlemen, I *am* a circus rider. Thank God for it! Otherwise, to-night the girl who lies in my arms, unhurt now, would have been dead—dead through the intervention of the scoundrel who has just spoken. The white handkerchief which he threw in *my* horse's eyes did its work on Miss Darenne's also—a contingency, I presume, he has overlooked in his blackguardly villainy."

Cesar broke forth in his native tongue. Surelle's cool language and perfect self-possession of manner had been too much for him, and one of his friends led him off, with some show of force, to cool his temper at a little distance. Meanwhile the ladies did their best for Dot; and one of the gentlemen having procured a hatful of water from the little running brook over the fence, she was soon restored to consciousness, and assured them that she was totally unhurt.

"Are you sure, quite sure, my darling?" whispered Surelle, bending over her with a great longing in his eyes.

"Quite sure. Thank God, you are safe, Earle—my Earle!" she answered shyly, yet looking with a fond glance of love at the arms that encircled her.

Hal Wilson's cheery voice rang out on the air, accompanied by the rattle of a country vehicle, whose pattern the darkness prevented their seeing. It had seats and a cover—those two things were certain; and ere many minutes, having tied the chestnut and the bay on behind by their bridles, our trio were comfortably established in their homes and, as the rain fell in torrents, and the thunder roared among the cliffs and peaks, they were beside each other, and in the darkness Hal Wilson could never discern how one strong hand closed firmly over two soft little ones.

Months have passed. Dot Darenne is Dot Darenne still; but on the straight-cut Greek face there is as cold a shadow as though the death-angel had already set his seal there. Her cheek is thin, almost wasted, and about the beautiful brown eyes there are circles that tell only too well their tale of sorrow. With a straightforward honesty that was one of his noblest characteristics, Earle Surelle had, on their return to the city, immediately gone to Colonel Darenne, revealed his position in life, and asked for his daughter's hand. As may readily be supposed, Colonel Darenne treated his revelation and his request with the utmost scorn; and when his daughter joined her earnest and imploring persuasions to those of her lover, the anger of the old aristocrat was something terrible.

"A mountebank!" he exclaimed, raging up and down his library-floor like a caged lion—"a circus rider, a tumbler! Great heavens! that a child of mine should ever have lived to disgrace me thus. A Darenne wed with a professional acrobat! No. Sooner would I see you dead!" he cried; and Colonel Darenne was as good as his word. Dot was not allowed to go out, even across the street, unattended; her letters were one and all first handed either to her father or to her mother; and her every movement was kept under perfect surveillance. But, notwithstanding this vigilance, Earle, now and again, managed to obtain a letter from Earle, and to send him a line in return. "Faithful unto death" was the burden of both. By dint of reading the newspapers she kept herself posted as to his whereabouts; for in the excitement of his calling Surelle endeavored to find some measure of relief for the agony of mind that he endured.

Meanwhile Cesar de Luna was a constant visitor at the Darennes', and by some means or other contrived to be more generally at Dot's side, whether at opera, ball, theatre, or ball, than any one else; his suit, which he still pressed, was highly favored both by Colonel and Mrs. Darenne; while by their daughter he was treated with a languid indifference that, although it betokened no denial of his attentions, certainly betrayed no encouraging token of weariness. Dot Darenne was broken-hearted. There seemed not a ray of hope in her face, not a glance from her beautiful, sad eyes, that spoke of the future. She moved through life like a mechanical thing, not a human being; and whether Cesar de Luna or Hal Wilson was beside her, she evinced no feeling of any description for either.

De Luna, with the cunning of his nature, had never to anyone, so far as Dot knew, and certainly not to her, spoken a word relating to Surelle, his profession, or anything in any manner concerning him. His manner was one of perfect deference to her lightest wish, and unobtrusive devotion to her faintest whim; but beneath this calm exterior there burned the hope in the black-eyed Spaniard's breast that one day, worn out by long waiting, her love crushed out by time as it were, Dot Darenne would become his wife. He could afford to be patient and bide his time, with such a bauble in his brain.

One morning, at the breakfast-table, Dot's pale cheek flushed—aye, crimsoned. But she was only reading the paper—its usually most uninteresting side too, the advertisement columns. In a moment, however, the burning blush had faded away, leaving her face in its usual marble-like whiteness; but in her great eyes there gleamed a strange, new light, and on her soft mouth there flickered a faint smile.

"Papa, I have taken a strange fancy. I want you to take me to the circus to-night," she said, pushing the paper toward her father. "I see there is a new troupe at the Theatre. Will you take me?"

Colonel Darenne looked over the amusement column with a frown on his handsome face; but seeing therein no mention of Earle Surelle, as he had expected to, he threw aside the sheet with a laugh.

"Circus, Dot? What an idea! It is a troupe that bears a very good reputation, though. I'll take you, if you really do care to go."

"Thanks, papa; I do care." It was the very first request that his daughter had made to him for many a long month, and Colonel Darenne was only too glad to gratify what he was pleased to regard as a childish whim.

Why did Dot Darenne go about the house that day with such a rare smile on her lips? What new-found joy brought that peaceful look to her eyes, and those little snatches of happy song to her remembrance?

"I shall see him, I shall see him—to-night, to-night."

How could Colonel Darenne know that "The Great Alberti," whose name in large letters he had read that morning in the paper, and whose "perilous backward somersault act" he beheld in flaming posters about the corners of the streets, was Earle Surelle, his daughter's lover? How could he divine with the circus-rider, whose six-weeks' acquaintance with his only child he never ceased to regret, had not seen fit to drag the proud name his father bequeathed to him in sawdust or any other kind of dust, and that professionally he was known as "Alberti?" But the brown-eyed girl humming soft bits of verses to herself before her mirror, and decking herself as if to meet a king that night, knew that ere many hours she would behold the man who was dearer to her than her life.

Five minutes before eight; the orchestra is playing gayly the march from "Faust." Dot Varenne and her father have just taken their seats, three rows back from the ring-curb. Dot puts up her opera-glass, a tiny gilt-and-pearl affair, and looks over the house. It is full; but opposite her almost, surely that is Senor de Luna, although not dressed precisely in the senor's usual elegant style. He is sitting immediately at the ring, in the lowest tier, among a crowd of rough-looking boys and shabby men and women. By some subtle instinct, Dot feigns not to see him; and although she knows full well that he is aware of her presence, yet she perceives that he shifts uncomfortably in his seat and pretends to be oblivious to that fact. Why is he there? Why is he dressed thus strangely? Does he, can he, know that "Alberti" and his rival are one and the same? Dot shudders at she knows not what, and then the loud sweet swell of the music and the entrance of the cavalcade divert her thoughts from the dark-eyed man in the first tier. She glances hastily down the programme: five "special acts" before the sixth and last of "part first," when "The Great Alberti" will give his "unbert act of bareback equitation." Through all the bottle-balancing, and the Grecian poses, the tight-rope performances of Mademoiselle Blanche, and the hurdle act of Master Willie, Dot sits wearily, wondering "Will he see me? Will he look this way? What will he do?"

At last the flowered curtain at the left parts, and there dashes out a magnificent coal-black horse, with a strip of white bridle thrown loosely over his arching neck, and a jeweled whip in his mouth. In answer to the applause the first "Hoop-la!" as he springs to his feet on his black back, and throws bridle and bit to a waiting "supe."

Eagerly, breathlessly, she watches him, sees that some of his coolness has left him, that his strong hands quiver as he grasps the jeweled whip-handle and urges the black forward, while its hoofs, echoing clang of the horses' retreating hoofs, and ever and anon by the far-off peals of thunder resounding from hill to hill. Dot Darenne lay, motionless and still pallid, in Earle Surelle's arms, beneath the shelter of a wide-spreading pine. Now and then a vivid flash of lightning illuminated their features, and then all was total darkness again. Closer to his heart he drew her, as though to shelter her from the storm that was coming toward them, and as if in those strong arms no evil thing could ever touch her, no sorrow could ever cloud her young brow. But his full lips quivered, as he bent over her and spoke:

"Dot, were you conscious, did you hear what de Luna said when I held you first after the mare threw you?"

"Yes," she softly answered; "I heard it, Earle."

"And did you hear my answer?"

"Yes; I heard that too, Earle."

"And — O Dot, my darling, little Dot! it is all true. I am nothing but a miserable circus-rider—a star, it is true," he added with a half-mocking laugh, "but not Dot Darenne's to touch the hem of your garment. But I was not born to it. Oh, no, no! The name I bear to-day was my father's before me, and I have not dragged it in the dust. I ran away and joined a troupe when I was thirteen. Miss Darenne, shall I tell you my story?"

"Whirr-r-r!" A flash of something white before Black Beauty's eyes. He shies off to the centre of the ring, and "Alberti" falls with a dull thud to the earth, striking his head and right arm on the curb. Senseless and motionless he lies, no one had seen. Who could have done so dastardly a deed? None could tell. All eyes had been too closely fastened on the hero of the night.

"Earle!" A faint cry, a mingled sob and wail of anguish, and Dot knelt beside him. How she got there she never knew, but in less than a second Dot Darenne held the dark head in her arms, and had lifted the broken, nerveless arm from the dust of the circus-ring.

Black Beauty had been caught almost instantly and led off. The band had ceased playing, the audience were panic-stricken, and all the company and employes seemed numbed with terror. Colonel Darenne—strange retribution—alone of all that multitude, retained his presence of mind, and in a very short space of time a surgeon stood beside the stricken rider. He soon pronounced an opinion. "Not mortal—but his right arm will be useless for this sort of thing," he said, glancing around for the handsome rider for the remainder of his engagement. Neither did Dot Darenne look up.

Regardless of her father's words, reckless of the curious eyes of the multitude, Dot Darenne never left "Alberti's" side while they carried him into the meagre dressing-room of the theatre and laid him on its miserable, cushionless lounge.

"I am his promised wife," she said, in answer to the surgeon's look of inquiry, "and I shall stay by him. Do not fear me, my nerves are very steady." So, for the first time in his life, Colonel Darenne succumbed to his daughter's quiet will, and staid beside the wounded gymnast.

He could not be moved. Those were the physician's emphatic words. So, through the long watches of the Winter night, Dot Darenne knelt by the old couch and pillowed her lover's head on her shoulder. It was a sad scene in that dingy, cheerless room, with its miserable apology for a fire; the dim light in Colonel Darenne and the manager of the "star company" seated side by side over the smouldering coals, and the haughty patrician learning from the lips of the "old stager" the history of the man who had darkened the life of the hand of a Darenne, after having won her heart.

"Ah—who—what's the matter?" The gray eyes open with a glance of surprise.

"Earle, it is Dot. Don't you know me?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Thank God, yes!" The uninjured arm tried to wind itself round her, but with a gentle motion Dot softly resisted and kissed him full on his eager, loving mouth.

"I remember it all now. I saw him, the infernal villain! He will be punished for this, I saw him flash his white handkerchief in Beauty's eyes. But I am not dead," he whispered, with a great shudder, and clinging closer to her. "I am not going to die, am I, Dot?"

"No, no; of course not. You are going to live for me only," she added, sadly. "This," touching his right arm, "will never be of use to you again—at least not of use in anything like what you have been doing to-night."

"Curse him for it!" he muttered between his teeth. "It is no matter; if they bring me through it with strength enough left in it to hold and protect you, my little darling, I will ask for nothing more."

Strange, weird scene. The tall candles had grown to little mites; the fire was well-nigh dead, and before it the rough old schoolfellow of Fanny's, who then lived under an assumed name in Soho, London, is made the place of their assignations. This is discovered by Fanny's mother, and to save her dear friend, Mildred falsely confesses that Arthur Grey came to visit her, not Fanny. Her an cain Frank Dimond is a listener. Unluckily, too, he discovers in his wife's possession a packet of letters and a portrait of Grey, which had been entrusted to her by Fanny. Before his wife can explain, he believes her to be a guilty woman, and passionately leaves the house, full in the desire to wreak vengeance on Grey. The chain is thus once more around him. Grey meanwhile has returned home, and borne a severe illness, from which he has scarcely recovered when his ruin is well-nigh completed by arrangements being made for the sale of his house and furniture. A very ingenious complication here arises, and is admirably wrought out by Mr. Byron. Among other mistakes Grey imagines that Mildred Dimond Mrs. Merricour's daughter, Frank Dimond believes that his wife encouraged Grey's attentions, and Mrs. Merricour thinks all the parties are carrying out a little scheme of reconciliation which she, being as much in the dark as others regarding the true position of affairs, has arranged. In addition to this complication, the arrival of a surgeon and in a very short space of time a surgeon stood beside the stricken rider. He soon pronounced an opinion. "Not mortal—but his right arm will be useless for this sort of thing," he said, glancing around for the handsome rider for the remainder of his engagement. Neither did Dot Darenne look up.

Regardless of her father's words, reckless of the curious eyes of the multitude, Dot Darenne never left "Alberti's" side while they carried him into the meagre dressing-room of the theatre and laid him on its miserable, cushionless lounge.

"I am his promised wife," she said, in answer to the surgeon's look of inquiry, "and I shall stay by him. Do not fear me, my nerves are very steady." So, for the first time in his life, Colonel Darenne succumbed to his daughter's quiet will, and staid beside the wounded gymnast.

He could not be moved. Those were the physician's emphatic words. So, through the long watches of the Winter night, Dot Darenne knelt by the old couch and pillowed her lover's head on her shoulder. It was a sad scene in that dingy, cheerless room, with its miserable apology for a fire; the dim light in Colonel Darenne and the manager of the "star company" seated side by side over the smouldering coals, and the haughty patrician learning from the lips of the "old stager" the history of the man who had darkened the life of the hand of a Darenne, after having won her heart.

"Ah—who—what's the matter?" The gray eyes open with a glance of surprise.

"Earle, it is Dot. Don't you know me?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Thank God, yes!" The uninjured arm tried to wind itself round her, but with a gentle motion Dot softly resisted and kissed him full on his eager, loving mouth.

"I remember it all now. I saw him, the infernal villain! He will be punished for this, I saw him flash his white handkerchief

AQUATICS.

HARLEM ASSOCIATION REGATTA.

THE NASSAUS WIN THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP AND LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE — WM. B. CURTIS TAKES THE DIAMOND SCULLS.

Scenes of long ago, when the old Empire Rowing Club was in the zenith of its glory, were forcibly recalled by the animated spectacle presented on the Harlem River on Wednesday afternoon, July 2, when the first annual regatta of the Harlem Association took place upon the unruffled bosom of that stream. The occasion was a red-letter day for the amateur rowists of the metropolis and neighborhood, who mustered in strong force, either as participants, or to enjoy the sport and rejoice in the hopeful victory of the representatives of their respective clubs. The fact that this was the first important regatta governed by the rules adopted by the National Convention of Amateur Oarsmen, whose definition of what properly constitutes an amateur has given rise to much discussion, invested this inaugural aquatic carnival of the new organization with peculiar interest to oarsmen and sporting men with a *penchant* for boating; consequently the turnout of members of clubs not in the association and professionals was very large. The general public, too, showed that they were interested in the affair and anticipated much enjoyment therefrom, by congregating to the number of several thousand. The barges Anna and Rhinebeck had been chartered by the Association for the day.

The Anna was appropriately set apart for the exclusive use of the gentler sex and their attendant cavaliers, and the dear creatures fairly swarmed upon its decks, attired in airy and attractive costumes suitable to the dog-days. The Rhinebeck was for the convenience of the benedicts and bachelors who had left their better halves and sweethearts at home, and among those on board were many rowing men and others whose names are familiar to the readers of this journal. On the upper-deck pools were sold, though not so much business was transacted as would have been had all the original entries for the several events come to the post. Both barges—each of which was in charge of members of the Regatta Committee and Executive Board, and was provided with refreshments both edible and drinkable—were anchored about a third of a mile below the terminus of the course, on the Westchester side of the river, thus affording those on board an excellent view of the races. The members of the Argonauta Rowing Association of Bergen Point, N. J.—the president of which officiated as referee—were present in a tug, over which were flung to the faint breeze the banner of the free and the club's streamer; while the Wm. Tittamer brought up a party from the west-side (among whom were some of the Gulick boys), and a fleet of small boats of every conceivable description lined the course nearly its entire length. Very attractive among the latter were the non-competing fours, sixes, pairs and singles of the Gramercy, New York, Nautilus, Dauntless and other clubs; the first-named being conspicuous not only by their showy costume and nobby headgear, but by the great pace which they got on the boat, to the effective stroke of Bill Gannon, whose presence in the crew debarred them from competing for the chief prize, except under protest, he being rated a non-amateur by the Executive Board. George Englehart, who won the amateur championship by defeating James O'Neil at Troy last fall in the fastest three-mile time on record, was out in his arrow-like scull, and treated the spectators to a fine exhibition of oarsmanship. He too is now classed as a professional, as likewise is O'Neil. These knights of the oar, while evidently in their element and deriving a deal of enjoyment from their personal exertions with the blades, also did some of their prettiest pulling, especially when passing the ladies' barge, and received their meed of praise from the crowds upon the steamers and barges, and those gathered upon the banks of the river, who could be numbered by hundreds.

The distance pulled in each of the three races programmed was one mile straight away, the course commencing at a boat anchored about five hundred feet above the Fourth-avenue Railroad bridge, and terminating about the same distance below the Central-avenue or McComb's Dam bridge, opposite Florence's Dock. The time appointed for the send-off of the opening race was two o'clock sharp, but for reasons that were not wholly avoidable it was close on to three o'clock before the barges were anchored and the referee's steamer had taken up her position on the New York side of the river a few rods below them, with the Argonauta tug made fast at the stern. On board of the Stevens were the referee, timekeepers (at the head of whom was Russell Withers, M. D.), Messrs. John C. Babcock and Eugene M. Earle, respectively president and vice-president of the association; members of the press and invited guests. The other members of the Executive Board are C. T. Goadby, J. E. Kilduff and Chas. B. Zachman; the Regatta Committee consists of F. H. Coffin, Jr., H. G. Meeker, J. H. Miller, Russell Withers, M. D., Richard L. Neville and James Symington, Jr. Starter, John C. O'Neil of the Atalantas; judge at the finish, H. E. Buermeyer of the Athletics. The dropping of a white flag, which was distinctly visible on the referee's boat, was the signal which announced the start and finish and enabled the timers to keep a correct account of the time occupied by the first and second boats in covering the course.

THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP,

value $500, champion colors of the Association, and four presentation medals for four-oared shells, were first competed for, the participating crews being as follows, the positions at starting being given in order from the New York to the Westchester shore:

Station 1.—New York Athletic Club.—R. W. Rathbone, bow; Chas. H. Cone, George J. Brown, P. A. Curtis, stroke. Colors, red and white.

Station 2.—Nassau Club.—Frank G. Brown, bow; John Walker, A. W. Montgomery, Oliver T. Johnson, stroke. Colors, blue and white.

Station 3.—Harlem Club.—W. S. Devoe, bow; N. G. Scranton, T. R. Keator, J. C. Halstead, stroke. Colors, red and blue.

A good start was effected, but after pulling a few strokes the Nassaus, who were the favorites in the pool-selling at odds of $25 to $15 against the field, began to show in front, gradually edging their way forward, though they had gained but a trifle over half a length on the Athletics when the referee's steamer was passed, the latter being at this point about a length and a half ahead of the blue-shirted boys, who were pulling better than had been looked for, though it was apparent from the evidences of labor in their rowing that they had no show in the race. Just here, too, Scranton had the misfortune to catch a crab, throwing him off of his seat and knocking all their chances into a cocked hat, for when they got fully under headway again the Athletics were half a dozen lengths before them. Upon entering the last quarter the Nassaus, who rowed together handsomely, getting a good grip of the water, were more than a length in the van, and thereafter they improved their lead, the Athletics keeping them at their work all the time, however, while the Harlems struggled in vain to make up for the ground—or rather water—lost by the mishap to No. 2. As they neared the end the Nassaus, encouraged by the cries of their friends, spurted and increased their lead, ultimately shooting past the mark twelve seconds before the Athletics. Time, 5min. ½sec. But for the accident to the Harlem four the contest for second place would have been more interesting. The absence of the Gramercy and New York Club crews, which had originally been entered for the race, was a source of much regret, and the action of the Executive Board which caused the withdrawal of the former from a race for which they were strong favorites, was in some quarters very severely commented upon. From all that we have been able to learn, too, these comments were not unmerited, there being, so far as can be adduced from the evidence, no good and sufficient reason for the exclusion of Gannon. As the competing crews rowed leisurely back, the winning four were greeted, as they passed the barges and steamers, with cheers and a lavish fluttering of cambrics in honor of a victory gallantly won, while the losing crews were not forgotten.

THE DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS,

value $300, with a presentation medal, was next on the list. This elegant prize was given by Vice-president Earle, the others being gotten up by subscription, and as the entries were eight in number, it became necessary to pull the race in heats. For the inaugural heat the starters were as follows:

Station 1.—Frank Ellison, New York Club. Colors, blue.

Station 2.—David Roach, Nautilus Club. Colors, white.

Station 3.—Wm. B. McCredy, New York Athletic Club. Colors, red and white.

Because of the handy style in which the Nautilus representative had unexpectedly walked away with the Atalanta feather-weight champion, Eben Losee, a couple of weeks or so previous, his chances were deemed so good that long odds were offered upon him, with a great scarcity of takers. A very even start was made, and for the first quarter or more the boats were nearly abreast. Now, however, the favorite began to show what kind of a man he was, a slight quickening of his stroke, aided by a proportionate increase of "dash," sending a spurt of his shell in front, and as the referee's boat was reached he led by a good half length, and apparently rowing within himself. Ellison, who had gone too far in shore and had to pull out in order to clear the steamer, was second, about half a length before McCredy, who shortly after (when more than a length behind the second man) had his chances destroyed by fouling with a yawl lying alongside the "stag" barge. After entering the closing quarter Roach let himself out and increased his lead somewhat, though Ellison replied to his spurt and refused to take a seat much farther back. After getting clear McCredy put on all steam, and picked up so well toward the finish as to make a very respectable third. Time, 6min. 7sec., Ellison five seconds behind the victor. The result of this contest didn't surprise anybody, but all were astonished to see the New York man pull as well as he did, and his performance was very favorably commented upon.

THE SECOND TRIAL HEAT

was started after an intermission of about twenty minutes, some delay having been occasioned by the shifting of the referee's steamer to the other side of the river, thus allowing the competitors a wider course, the necessity for which was made apparent by the foul which occurred in the preceding heat. The next contestants for the prizes were as below named:

Station 1.—Charles Myers, Nassau Club. Colors, blue and white.

Station 2.—Wm. B. Curtis, New York Athletic Club. Colors, red and white.

Station 3.—Eben Losee, Atalanta Club. Colors, red.

The disparity in the size of Curtis and Losee was the occasion of much remark, the former weighing nigh 200lb and reputed to be the strongest man in America, while Losee can pull at about 105lb. The latter was considered good enough to "do" either of his opponents, and his partisans staked odds upon him, Myers being scarcely mentioned in the betting. Myers obtained slightly the best of the send-off, but Curtis swung his powerful arms with vigor, tearing his sculls through the water with a determination to show the assembled multitude that there was more in him and less in somebody else than the knowing ones had bargained for. He gained ground at each sweep and soon his adherents were electrified by seeing him dash by Myers, and one enthusiastic individual offered to reverse the order of things and stake $25 to $10 on him. The friends of Losee were now dumb, however, for their man was evidently in too good company and had fallen during the first half of the race hopelessly in the rear. As they shot by the Stevens, Curtis led Myers three good lengths, while Losee was nearly four lengths behind the Nassau sculler, with all hope gone. The remainder of the contest was without interest, as Curtis maintained and increased his lead, while the little Atalanta champion fell farther and farther behind, to the dismay of those who had backed him so freely and thought he had a "dead sure thing" to win. The poor display made by Eben may, in a great measure, be attributed to his rowing with a sliding seat, which he cannot do to advantage. Time, 6min. 7¾sec., Myers four seconds behind.

THIRD TRIAL HEAT.

This was called about fifteen minutes after the cheers which greeted Curtis had died away, the names of the competitors being given underneath:

Station 1.—J. R. Keator, Harlem Club. Colors, red and blue.

Station 2.—George M. Young . . aata Club. Colors, red.

This heat was so very one-sided that description would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that Keator went right away from the Atalanta man, was four lengths in front at the referee's steamer, and increasing his advantage to the close, won with perfect ease by ten and a half seconds. Time, 6m. 22sec.

THE FAIR-OARED RACE,

for the Ladies' Challenge Plate, value $400, with two presentation medals, was now called, in order to allow the oarsmen who were to contend in the final heat for the Diamond Sculls needed rest. For this race there were three starters, as follows:

Station 1.—R. W. Rathbone (bow), P. A. Curtis (stroke), New York Athletic Club. Colors, red and white.

Station 2.—Frank G. Brown (bow), Oliver T. Johnson (stroke), Nassau Club. Colors, blue and white.

Station 3.—E. B. Pinckney (bow), J. W. Arthur (stroke), Harlem Club. Colors, red and blue.

A prettier start than that to which Mr. O'Neil sent these boats away it would be difficult to secure, the six oars striking the water simultaneously, and the delicate shells darting up stream bow and bow. Very soon, however, the Nassau pair, who rowed beautifully together, commenced to creep ahead, gaining inch by inch despite the determined efforts of their antagonists to hold them. At the end of the first quarter they were within a few feet of being clear, and, continuing to add to their advantage, cut by the Stevens full two lengths to the good, with apparently an abundance of propelling power in reserve. The race here was a sight to see, the pace being good, while the Athletics and Harlems were pulling abreast, each crew bending to the oars with a will and working with might and main to obtain the mastery. The friends of the Nassaus on board the barges and steamers were wild with excitement, and gave forth cheer upon cheer, while those who favored one or other of the opposing crews shouted themselves hoarse in the endeavor to urge them forward with words of encouragement. The Nassaus being now considered the victors, bar accident, all interest centered in the struggle for the honor of second place, which after a most brilliant and exciting contest over three-quarters of the course was won by the Athletics, who began to go away from the Harlem boys just after clearing the barges, and thereafter defied all the efforts of the latter to overtake them. The Nassaus won by three seconds in 6:07, and could have done a little better had it been necessary. The Harlems did better than even their best friends believed they would and came in for their share of the applause with which the competitors were greeted as they returned leisurely. About five o'clock the contestants in

THE FINAL HEAT

for the Sculls were ordered into line, their names being as under:

Station 1.—David Roach, Nautilus Club. Colors, white.

Station 2.—Wm. B. Curtis, New York Athletic Club. Colors, red and white.

Station 3.—J. R. Keator, Harlem Club. Colors, red and blue.

Having won his trial heat so handily, and in better time than had been afterward made by Curtis, Roach was made a hot favorite for this event, selling in the pools for fifteen dollars more than the man of much muscle, while Keator's chances were regarded as so slim that those who bought him for a mere song were looked upon as throwing their money in the river. The flag fell to an admirable start, but Curtis went in front at once, and after rowing about two hundred yards was half a length nearer the goal than Keator, who led Roach a few feet. With every stroke the stem of Curtis' shell went further and farther in advance and by the second dash Keator, who at the end of the first quarter was half a length before the favorite. The Nautilus man appeared to be in difficulties already, continuing to fall back until, when the referee's boat was passed, he was nearly two lengths behind the second man, Curtis leading by about three lengths and evidently having the race in hand. Those who had risked their money upon Roach now wore countenances exceedingly rueful, while the backers of Curtis were correspondingly elated and capered about in the fullness of their joy. Keator here spurted and gained somewhat upon the leader, but the latter responded by a greater application of power to his sculls, and the boats sped along "as you were," Curtis crossing the line in 6.16, twelve seconds ahead of Keator, who led Roach a couple of seconds more. This brought to an end the opening regatta of the Harlem Association, which, if not quite equaling those held in former years under the auspices of the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association in point of racing and the excitement attaching to the different contests, was still very successful and calculated to give encouragement to its projectors and well-wishers. It is to be hoped, however, that ere the occurrence of the second celebration all the troubles which have arisen since the promulgation of the National Association's definition of an amateur may be amicably adjusted, and our amateur clubs, one and all, will work earnestly and in perfect accord for the furtherance of boating interests.

JERSEY CITY YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

This annual event came off on the Hudson River on Tuesday, July 1, and may be classed among the most interesting of the minor regattas of the season. The yachtmen were fortunate in being favored with very propitious weather, a smart shower of rain in the morning cooling the atmosphere agreeably, and a nice breeze from the northwest making the sailing good. The course sailed over was the usual one—from a stake-boat off the club-house to and around another off Spuyten Duyvil Creek and back, and the competing vessels were as follows: First-class—Eugenie, owned by M. Small; Alpha, D. Coppers; Rover, E. Terry. Second-class—Charm, E. W. Ketcham; Jessie, C. Huyler; Scratch Cat, E. L. Morton. Third-class—Neptune, E. Simmon; G. W. Dilks, J. Nobles; Sophia, R. Havens. Fourth-class—Dexter, T. Redmond; Ripple, A. Hennion; Arcola, A. Steel; Winnie, W. McCulloch; Kitten, E. Vail; Daniel Doe, H. Phillips; Dollie, J. B. Scott. Just before 12 o'clock noon the starting signal was given and the yachts sped up stream, the Jessie, Scratch Cat, Sophia and George W. Dilks rapidly leading the balance of the fleet. About an hour and twenty minutes after the send-off, the Sophia, which held a good position in the van, capsized and was withdrawn, her crew being rescued by the Ripple, which by such humane action was considerably retarded. The upper stakeboat was turned in the order below given:

Scratch Cat	1h 43m 42s	Eugenie	1h 57m 10s
Jessie	44 20	Daniel Doe	59 50
George W. Dilkes	1 47 50	Neptune	2 01 20
Alpha	1 50 50	Kitten	2 04 00
Dexter	1 51 00	Arcola	2 10 30
Rover	1 55 30	Winnie	2 14 15
Ripple	1 56 10		

On the home-run the Alpha and Rover lost their topmasts, and were thereby thrown out of the race. The squadron exhibited some pretty sailing before the wind, which blew steadily. The order and time of reaching the home stake-boat were as under:

Jessie	3h 26m 38s
Scratch Cat	3 31 28
G. W. Dilkes	3 22 08
Dexter	3 45 15
Alpha	3 46 40
Ripple	3 51 04
Rover	3h 50m 00s
Eugenie	3 52 28
Daniel Doe	3 54 20
Neptune	4 05 50
Kitten	4 15 45
Arcola	4 11 45

The Rover, Jessie, Dilks and Doe were awarded the prizes. Judges—Geo. Backer, W. E. Ostler and A. E. Cuvier. Regatta Committee—Chas. Hankins, Joseph Nobles and J. R. Wiggins.

COLUMBIA YACHT CLUB.

This metropolitan organization held their annual regatta on the Hudson River on Monday, June 30, and it is not likely that those who participated will soon forget it, for it was sailed in a high wind and some of the little vessels were pretty severely handled by the elements. The course for first, second and third class was from a stakeboat off the club-house, foot of Fifty-seventh street, to and around a stakeboat off Mt. St. Vincent, turning the same from east and west; for fourth class, from same anchorage to and around a stakeboat off Spuyten Duyvil, turning the same from east to west. The starters were as follows: Cabin sloops—Germania, owned by E. H. Herb; Elizabeth Rowe, W. H. Rowe. First-class open sloops—Lillie, F. and R. Weaver; Journeyman, R. McWhinney; George E. Sherman, John S. Gage; Annie E., Geo. E. Merwin. Second-class open sloops—Bonita, B. Tripler; Geo. W. Dilks, Joseph Nobles; Annie L., R. B. Freeman. Third-class open sloops—Lahey, R. Simpson; Tough, B. Carr; Columbia, E. H. Osborn; Big-a-boo, W. Deane. With such a stiff southeast breeze it was difficult for some of the vessels to carry the required amount of canvas, and before the conclusion of the race several of them met with accidents. Just after getting fairly underway the Sherman's gaff snapped and she had to draw out. A few minutes afterward the Annie E. followed suit, and later in the race the Annie L. was withdrawn. With the wind dead aft the yachts made rapid headway up-stream, the Journeyman, though her topmast had been swept away, being first to round the buoy at Mt. St. Vincent, two minutes ahead of the Elizabeth Rowe, which led the Lillie a minute, the Germania, Dilks' Bonita and Annie L. following in the order given. It was far from as easy sailing on the downward run, and it required a practical use of all the knowledge of the art of sailing possessed by the several masters to prevent mishaps and bring their vessels to the anchorage. The Journeyman retained her advantage to the close, being yachts passing the judges' boat as under:

Journeyman	4h 01m 00s	Elizabeth Rowe	5h 05m 00s
Germania	4 16 00	Lillie	5 11 00

The prizes were awarded to the Germania, Journeyman, Geo. W. Dilks and Columbia.

WINSHIP OUTPULLS LALLY.—A scullers' race for £50 came off over the Tyne, Eng., championship course on June 20, the contestants being Thomas Winship and James Lally. These men rowed a match in skiffs March 10, which Winship won easily by half a dozen lengths. Seven well-freighted steamboats accompanied the match, and at first 3 to 1 was laid on Winship, but as soon as it became known that Lally had won the north station this price was taken so freely that it was scarcely obtainable at the start. After two false attempts the two got away to a tolerably fair start, Winship having a few feet the best of it, and, launching out in tremendous style at the rate of 40 to the minute, he led at the Mansion House by three-quarters of a length. Lally here dropped down from 36 to 34, and, sculling with great power, held his own to Wylie's Quay, but turning round to have a look at his man, he allowed Winship to get away, and at Skinner's Burn the latter led by quite two lengths. Nearing Redheugh Bridge Lally kept a bad course, and Winship improved his advantage to three lengths, the time to this point being 4min. 4sec. Off the Shot Belvidere had to ease up in order to avoid fouling a keel, and lost half a length. At the New Quay Corner Lally came up with a fine spurt, and drew up to within nearly a length of the leading man; but Winship spurting in turn again shot away, and at the mile post had regained his original lead of three lengths. Time, 8min. 7sec. In crossing over to the Durham shore of the Annie the leader lost half a length, but held his own well to the end of the Meadows, where Lally appeared to be completely rowed out, and Winship led by at least five lengths off Paradise Quay. From this point he came right away, and finishing with a fine spurt in order to win the distance bets, landed himself a winner by at least 150 yards. Time, 28min. 31sec.

LAKE OLMSTEAD.—A correspondent in Augusta, Ga., sends us the following concerning a newly-made lake two miles from that place. He says: "A quiet drive west from Augusta through the village of Harrisburg, over the two canals, brought us to the beautiful shore of Lake Olmstead, on whose mirrored bosom rested one tiny craft, the Home Made; so small looked she, as the red sunset danced over the water about her, that one could never think of her as being a pioneer—an honor not easily won in the very grasp of the boating-men of America—yet the waters of Lake Olmstead had never known the dip of an oar or even the ripple of a bow until this little craft came upon them, and the story as my companion told it was this: What this broad sheet of water covers was eight months ago a beautiful valley, finely wooded with oak and bay, and through the bottom the merriest of laughing brooks danced down toward the river; but improvements suggesting themselves, caused the valley to be cleared, and an immense dam thirty feet high to be made across the lower end. The brook flowed on against the dam, and water backing upon water changed fairy-like into a lake. Now began the boating-men to look about and ballot for a crew to whom might be given the honor of pulling the first boat upon these untouched waters; but ere they could decide, this little nutshell of a boat was secretly taken overland to the lake, and one twilight, with her crew of three men aboard, shot out from a hidden inlet and skimmed rapidly along, proclaiming themselves, with a hearty cheer, pioneers of the water. Long faces were worn next day by the crew who watched anxiously for the issue of the election, and the committee decided to ballot no more."

EASTERN YACHT CLUB.—Two classes of boats—second-class schooners and second-class sloops—belonging to the above club participated in a regatta which took place at Swampscott, Mass., on Saturday, June 28. At the time of starting a spanking breeze was blowing, but after the course had been about half sailed over a squall burst upon the racers, and when it was past the wind had almost died away, depriving the latter part of the contest of all interest. The course lay from Swampscott to Halfway Rock, thence by the buoy on Harding's Ledge and back to the starting-point, the entire distance being thirty-two miles. The start was made at eleven o'clock. There were three prizes to be contended for, viz., $100 for the boat making the fastest time of whatever class; $175 for the winner of the schooner class, and $125 for the winning sloop. The first prize was won by the Halcyon, the second by the Fearless and third by the White Cap. The latter was the only one of its class that sailed over the entire course, for the Coming, though classed with the sloops, was entered for the first prize alone.

A SAILING REGATTA took place at Tarrytown, N. Y., July 2, the course being about twenty miles in length. Six vessels started, and the first prize was won by the G. E. Sherman of the Columbia Club; the second going to the Annie on time allowance, and the third being taken by the Emma Lee.

THE TURF.

THE CHICAGO RACES.

The annual Summer meeting of the Dexter Park Association was held last week, commencing on the 1st inst. and continuing five days. On the opening day the sport was considerably marred by a rainfall in the afternoon which lasted from one till five o'clock. Notwithstanding this the attendance was first-rate, but the racing was not such as to afford satisfaction to the spectators. Summaries of the different races are appended:

DEXTER PARK ASSOCIATION SUMMER MEETING, Chicago, Ill.—First Day, July 1, 1873.—Trotting Premium No. 1.—Gardner House Stakes, for colts and fillies three years old; $100 each, half forfeit, with $300 added by the Gardner House; second to save his stake; mile heats, three in five, in harness; closed with five subscribers; value of stakes, $640.

W. W. Hamilton's b f Motto, by Autocrat out of Idlewild, by Idol		w. o.
Same Day.—Running Premium No. 2.—Pacific Hotel Stakes, for colts and fillies three years old; $100 each, half forfeit, with $300 added by the Pacific Hotel; second to save his stake; mile heats; closed with twelve subscribers; value of stakes, $1,200.		
H. Blandy's br c Latitude, by Longitude, dam Kate Boston, by Lexington, 110lb	1	1
Robert Harry's ch f Harry Arnold, by Planet, dam Elkhorna, by Lexington, 110lb	2	2
Time, 1:52½; 1:54.		
Same Day.—Trotting Premium No. 3.—Purse $2,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:40; mile heats, three in five, in harness; $1,000 to the winner, $500 to the second, $300 to the third, and $200 to the fourth.		
F. F. Wanmaker's blk g Alley	1	1
Graves & Loomis' blk m Clementine	2	3
J. H. Martin's blk g Cheston	3	2
T. P. Roache's b m Hattie Fawcette	4	4
Green B. Bynan's gr g Gentleman Joe	5	5
Time, 2:35; 2:40; 2:41¾.		
TROTTING PREMIUM NO. 4.—Purse $4,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:25; mile heats, three in five, in harness; $2,000 to the winner, $1,000 to the second, $600 to the third and $400 to the fourth.		
B. Armstrong's b g Fred Hooper	1	2
H. C. Goodrich's b g Bodine	2	1
G. W. Van Brunt's br s Ripon Boy	3	4
L. R. Martin's b g Joker	4	3
Alleck Lawrence's ch s Byron	dis	
H. W. Alexander's b m Ella Wright	dis	
Time, 2:26¾; 2:25½; 2:27¾; 2:28¾.		
Same Day.—Running Premium No. 5.—Purse $600, for all ages; mile heats; $400 to the winner, $140 to the second, $60 to the third.		
W. Jennings' b c Cape Race, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Imogene	1	0
F. J. Crowley's ch h Quartermaster, 5 yrs old, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Rosette, 114lb	4	0
J. H. Summer's b m Rocket, 6 yrs old, by West Roxbury, dam Nora Worth, by imp. Eclipse, 115lb	3	dis
R. H. Barnes' b m Lady Fairfield, 5 yrs old, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Lady Lancaster, 111lb	2	dis
T. G. Moore's ch c Roger Hanson, 4 yrs old, by Jack Malone, dam Florence Lee, 108lb	5	dis
Time, 2:48¾; 2:51; 2:53¾; 2:50; 2:50¼; 2:52.		
SECOND DAY, July 2.—Trotting Premium No. 8.—Purse $2,000, for horses that had never beaten three minutes; mile heats, three in five, in harness; $1,000 to the winner, $500 to the second, $300 to the third, and $200 to the fourth.		
W. H. Crawford's ch m Nellie	1	2
F. P. Manaker's b g Albert	4	1
W. Darling's s g Quicksilver	3	3
C. B. Myers' b g Fox	2	4
Winner's time, 2:33¾; 2:36¾; 2:39¾.		
SAME DAY.—Trotting Premium No. 9.—Purse $3,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:33; mile heats, best three in five, in harness; $1,500 to the winner, $750 to the second, $450 to the third, and $300 to the fourth.		
J. A. Cummings' b h Redwing (formerly Champion)	0	1
H. H. Yates' b m Kate Hazard	0	3
W. H. Boyce's b h Little Mac	5	4
C. B. Myers' b m Capitola	3	3
Owner's — Joe Udell	0	6
C. Pearson's m m Anna Watson	4	5
Wisconsin Star, Barney Kelly, Sutton, Ben Smith and Jackson were distanced in the first heat.		
Time, 2:31¾; 2:32¼; 2:31¾.		
SAME DAY.—Running Premium No. 10.—Purse $1,500; two-mile heats, for all ages; $900 to the winner, $450 to the second, and $150 to the third. The race was won in two heats by H. Gardner's chestnut mare Jenny Lind, five years old, by Brown Dick out of Odd Trick; S. M. Reynolds' bay horse Nick Baker, five years old, by Zero out of Ada Leonard, being second; a third starter was distanced. Time, 3:51½ and 3:52¼.		
THIRD DAY, July 3.—Running premium No. 12, $500, for all ages; $300 to the winner, $150 to the second, and $50 to the third; a mile and a half.		
D. Kinney & Co.'s ch f Flush, 4 yrs old, by Hiawatha, dam Fanny Bugg, by imp. Ambassador, 105lb	1	1
J. Conlisk's b g Young Harry, 4 yrs old, by Harry of the West, dam by Glencoe, 105lb	2	
T. G. Moore's b m Hollywood, 5 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Miriam, by Glencoe, 111lb	3	
R. & J. Rowett's ch f Altoona, 4 yrs old, by Tobe Drum, dam Floride, by Zero, 105lb	0	
C. F. Brown's ch h Keno, 6 yrs old, by imp. Australian, dam by Oliver, 114lb	0	
S. M. Reynold's b f Venus, 4 yrs old, by Judge Leonard, dam Miss Doyle, by Lexington, 108lb	0	
J. M. Harney's ch c Harry O'Fallen, by imp. Australian, dam Sunny South	0	
J. H. Summer's ch c March, 4 yrs old, by West Roxbury, dam Kate Robe, 108lb	0	
Time, 2:48¾.		
SAME DAY.—Running Premium No. 15; purse $1,000, for all ages; mile heats, three in five; $600 to the first, $300 to the second, and $100 to the third.		
W. G. Harding's br f Mariposa, 4 yrs old, by Jack Malone, dam Nubia, 105lb	1	1
S. M. Reynold's b h Nick Baker, 5 yrs old, by Zero, dam Ada Leonard, 114lb	2	2
F. Lloyd's b g Port Leonard, 4 yrs old, by Voucher, dam Prunella, 105lb	3	3
J. H. Davis b f, 4 yrs old, by imp. Fazzoletta, dam by Whalebone, 105lb	4	dis.
W. M. Barrow's ch g Jennings (formerly Emmet), 3 yrs old, by Asteroid, dam by Glencoe, 87lb	5	dis.
J. J. Crowler's ch h Quartermaster, 5 yrs old, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Rosette, 114lb		*dis.
Time, 1:52½; 1:54; 1:56.		

*For foul riding.

An extra race was arranged to take place on the 5th, a summary of which will be found upon another page.

SPORT AT DEERFOOT PARK.

Three trots took place on Independence Day at the above Long Island track, in presence of about six hundred spectators. Though the time made was not fast, the races were exciting. Summaries are subjoined:

DEERFOOT PARK, NEAR BROOKLYN, L. I., July 4, 1873.—Purse $50, for horses that never beat three minutes; $30 to the first, $15 to the second and $5 to the third horse; mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Judges—Messrs. Oakley, Storms and Williamson.

Hiram W. Howe's m m Emmie	1	3	2	1
Jos. Campbell's g g Stranger	4	1	6	4
A. S. Rogers' s g Champion	2	4	1	2
John W. Farrell's b g Billy	5	2	4	3
P. Toman's b g Young Allen	3	6	3	3
Lady's s m Kate	6	5	5	dr.
Time, 2:48¾; 2:51; 2:53¾; 2:50; 2:50¼; 2:52.				

SAME DAY.—Purse $100, for horses that never beat 2:45; $60 to the first, $30 to the second, and $10 to the third horse; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Wm. Thom's b g Layman	1	1	1
A. H. Rogers' blk g Eastern Star	2	2	2
James Page's s g Russ	4	3	3
J. Denton's br g Unexpected	3	4	4

SAME DAY.—Purse $200, for horses that never beat 2:34; $125 to the first, $50 to the second, and $25 to the third horse; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Jno. Denton's b m Scotland Maid	2	1	1
Wm. Thom's b g Slippery Dick	1	2	2
Danl. Delay's br m Lady Woods	3	3	3
M. Rogers' b m Brooklyn Undersell	dr		
Time, 2:42¾; 2:41; 2:40; 2:38.			

FIVE-MILE TROT IN ENGLAND.—A trotting match of five miles, for £100 a side, came off at Chelmsford, Eng., June 16, between Tom Tyler's pony Gipsy Lind and Peter Sheer. The weather was beautiful, and although many went down overnight, the trains on the Great Eastern Railway were crowded. The race was set for two o'clock, and the road chosen was from the thirtieth milestone from London to the thirty-fifth. Both ponies were driven to sulkies, Badger, who stands 11 hands in high, being driven by W. Izzard, while the ribbons of Jenny Lind, who stands 12 hands and half an inch, were handled by Andy McMann. H. Hadland acted as referee. On the word "Go" being given, a capital start was effected, both going away head and head. After trotting a few strides, Badger took a slight lead, and, going in splendid style, soon opened a gap of half a dozen yards. Up to a quarter of a mile he slightly increased his advantage, and went at such a pace as to take the mare off her feet, making her break. Andy soon had her down, and lost but little ground. Badger, well handled by Izzard, slightly increased his lead, and at three-quarters of a mile Jenny again made a "skip," but was instantly pulled together by her pilot. Both were going in splendid form, and the pace was very hot. Badger still held the lead, and a very close thing was looked for, but at a mile and three quarters no perceptible difference had occurred in their relative positions. Now Andy called upon his mare, and she answering gamely, was soon head and head with the little "hog-maned" one, and for some distance they were locked together. Andy again shook up Jenny, and she dashed ahead in splendid form, quickly adding length on length to her advantage. Badger, who gamely answered every call of his clever driver, and never attempted to break throughout the distance, struggled on, but Jenny had the pace of him, and, soon opening a wide gap, won by 150 yards. Time, 14m. 7½sec.

TOURING AT GLEN MITCHELL.—Glen Mitchell Track, Saratoga, N. Y., July 4, 1873.—Purse and stake $250; mile heats, best three in five, in harness; for colts sired by American Eltham.

Mr. Ballou's b m Fanny Raymond	1	1	1
Wm. McDonald's b g Geo. H. Mitchell	3	2	2
Thos. Palmer's ch m Favorita	2	3	3
Time, 2:41; 2:39½; 2:39.			

FOCUS RECREATION.—For the information of our religious readers we give the following list of camp meetings to be held during the summer:

Place.	Opens.	Place.	Opens.
Minnesota State	July 1	Crisfield Station, Md.	Aug. 7
Sea Cliff, L. I., N. Y.	July 5	Ocean Grove, N. J.	Aug. 8
Round Lake	July 8	Milford, Conn.	Aug. 11
Ocean Grove Union	July 10	Denville	Aug. 12
Shelter Island	July 16	Chautauqua Lake, N. Y.	Aug. 12
Wortendyke Station, N. J	July 28	Bridgeport District, Conn.	Aug. 16
Pitman Grove, N. J.	July 29	Martha's Vineyard, Mass.	Aug. 18
Sing Sing, N. Y.	Aug. 5	Painesville, O.	Aug. 18
Merrick, L. I.	Aug. 5	Moundsville, West Va.	Aug. 20
Ohio State	Aug. 5	Sea Cliff, L. I.	Aug. 26
Wesley Grove, near Baltimore	Aug. 5	Cambridge District, Ohio	Aug. 26
Chester Heights, Pa.	Aug. 5	Round Lake, N. Y.	Sept. 3
Sea Cliff Grove, German	Aug. 5		

J. H. JOHNSTON, Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa., has published an advertisement in this paper during the past year, and we are requested to call attention to an error in the advertised price of double shot guns. The minimum price of these goods should have been published at $8, instead of $3.

THE NORTHAMPTON CLUB.—This Massachusetts club claims the championship, and wants to hear from some club who disputes its title.

BASEBALL.

ATLANTIC vs. WASHINGTON.

The quickest played game and one of the prettiest displays of batting and fielding seen on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, this season, marked the return match of the series between the Washington nine—Nick Young's Blue Stockings—and the Atlantics, played on July 2. The Washingtons arrived in town on Monday, and on Tuesday they were to have played on the Mutuals, but rain set in in the morning and at 1 P. M. it looked so much like a regular rainy day that the clubs mutually agreed to a postponement. It was a very hot day on Wednesday and the attendance was therefore slim, about three hundred people paying the entrance fee. The contest was a singular one in several respects. In the first place, not a run in the game was scored by an error—the first instance of the kind this season. Secondly, the runs that were obtained were made in but one inning on each side, and every run scored was earned by fair and legitimate hits. The throwing on both sides was remarkably swift and accurate, the catching excellent in all the positions in the field, and the stops and pick-ups were masterly; while the batting, but for the sharp fielding, would have yielded twice the runs scored against half the nines who have played on the same field.

The Washingtons went to the field first, and Donnelly and Thomas threw out the first three strikers very neatly. Glenn opened the fire on the other side with

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnott, Louise
Antonio, Terese
Avery, Carrie
Antonio, Dora
Burton, Clara
Blake, Annie
Barretta, Pauline
Boyd, Nellie (2) 3c.
Bland, Edith
Booth, Josie
Bernard, Lizzette
Bertine, Lillie
Boyd, Nellie
Bastian, Marie
Bender, Annie
Barnard, Ann
Cornelius, Louie
Certio & Rosa
Cornforth, Annie
Clark, Nellie
Cavender, Leona
Caralista, Mlle.
Chapman, Blanche
Clare, Annie
Clare, Kate
Carlysle, Ida
Cooper, Katie
Davenport, Geo. C.
De Lantie, Prof.
De Garmo, P. T.
De Witt, Thos.
Day, Chas. H.
Dolan, Ed. (2)
Dobson, Frank P.
Dumont, Frank
Davenport, Geo. C.
DeVere, Billy
Duffie, J. M.
Dubois, Geo.
Donaldson, Tico. P.
Freeth, J. W.
Forbes, Chas. (6)
Forbes, Ned
Forrest, Wm.
Ferris, Geo. T.
Fox, Richard
Ferris, John (2)
Freeman, Harry 3c.
Fox, Master Willie
Farron, T. J.
Foote, Jr., Wm.
Fogerty, Prof.
Fortesque, Geo. K.
Fulton, Burt
Foster, G. W.
Gaston, Albert
Gotthold, E. M. (3) 3c.
Gibson, Adolphe
Grisie, C. Baity
Gilbert, Ed
Greenleaf, G. F.
Goshan, Peter
Green, J. E.
Hall, H. S. (2)
Gorman, William
George, F.
Gaston, Geo.
Hess, G. J.
Hallam, Prof.
Hawk, Harry
Hanley, M. W.
Hurley, Joseph
Holden, Frank
Hasson, Billy
Hart, Thos.
Hemmings, Richd. (circus)
Haight, Andrew
Harrison, James
Hamilton, Theo.
Harris, Dan
Harrison, Charlie (vocalist)
Herbert, Fred
Hill, Prof. John A.
Hall, Mills
Hamilton, Henry
Hawk, Harry
Hall, E. M.
Harrison, G. W. 6c.
Haskins, Charles
Hassan, Hash
Hurst, John
Hardy, Harry
Hosmer, Mat.
Hind, T. J.
Honywood, R. H.
Harland, Paul
Jackson, S.
Jack, James (2)
Jarvis, Chas. H.
"Jerpe"
Jordan, Charles
Jones, Edgar
Johnson, Frank
Keyes, David A.
Kidder, C. W. (2)
Kendall, Ed. (2)
Kelly, John T.
Kinsley, Sam. L.
Kidder, E. E.
Kemble, Chas.
Kidder, E. E.
Keish, F. M.
Kleary, Wm.
Long, J. C. (circus)
Lester, Billy
Leonard, Geo.
Leopold, George
Leavitt, Ben
Linyard, W. H. (12)
Leslie, John (circus)
Lorenzo, Sig.
Linden, Ernest (2)
Locke, Yankee
Lowande, Martine
Leavitt, M. B.
Lavake, Will K. (2)
Le Clair, J.
Leland, Sid (Dean's Circus)
Leonard, Walter
Lyman, Geo. C.
Luke, John D.
Launier, W. M.
Lawrence, George
Manning, Wm.
Montford, Frank
Macarte, Fred.
Maboury, Wm. 6c.
McWade, Robt.
Melville, Charles
Mallahan, Ned
Manager or Agent, Jane Coombs' Troupe
Meldrum, R. S.
Mack, E. J.
Moore, F. C.
Morgan, Prof. D.
Murtz, John
Martinetti, Albert
Murray, Dominick 3c.
Morosini, G.
Mankin, G. W.
Mack, Harry 3c.
McDonough, T. B.
Manning, J. (trapeze)
Matthews, C. C.
Melville, E.
Manager, Burbish Dram. Co.
Newcombe, Bobby
Norrie, Jos.
North, L. J. 10c.
Noon, Jack (2)
Norton, J. S.
Norton, F. H.
Noonan, Billy
Orrin Brothers (3) 3c.
Omohondro, J. B. (Texas Jack) (2)
O'Brien, John
Otis, F. H.
Proctor, Joseph
Philippie, Prof. (wizard)
Parker, James
Price, Wally (2)
Peck, Jack
Peak, Ed. S.
Palmer, Chas. C.
Page, Frank A.
Quartette (California)
Robinson, J. S.
Raymond, John T.
Richmond, R. Moe
Robison, J. S.
Roher, Geo.
Ringold & Rockwell
Roche, Frank
Reynolds or Date
Reynolds & Romer)
Rapp, David
"Ricardo" (2)
Riggs, T. G.
Rhinock, Duck (canvasman)
Reynolds, Barney
Rees, Willard
Read, Beaumont
Rice, Col. Dan
Rehelski, Carl
Rubbi, Sig.
Rowes, L. F.
Robinson, Harry
Robinson, John T.
Rogers, Lorane
Sawin, Frank
Sherrie, Harry
Smith, Mark
Sharpe, K.
Slocum, Lea
Somers, Jack 10c.
Stocking, Frank
Sorlie, C.
Stanley, R. E.
Stetson, Hy. R. (2)
Smith, Ed. K. L.
Stanley, Ernest
Sadler, Thos.
Stanwood, Harry
Sylvester, Edd
Saville, Stephen (2)
Stevens, John A.
Sawtelle, Ed
Schultz, H. F.
Spencer, Don Chas. 10c.
Seidinger, John
Sterne, Morris E.
Sharpe, Geo.
Thompson, John
Thorne, Jas. H.
Twyne, Jack
Thornton, Charles
Vincent, Billy (3) 9c.
Victorelli, John
Victorelli, H.
Value, Olive
Wilson, Frank G. (2)
Watson, Harry
Wray, Geo. W.
Weaver, Mr. (stage man'g'r.
Walhalla Bros.
Williams, Jno. I.
Wittzien, Chas. F.
Wheeler, Ben
Wall, Harry (Annie Adams)
Washburn, E. S. (5)
Wambold, Jack
Ward, Harry
Walsh, J. K.
Welling, Chas.
Wambold, Dick
White, Joseph
Wilhelm, Gustave
Wyman, Fred
Waldron, Dan (song and dance)
Whipple, Asa L.
Zorn, Gustave
Zeltner, X. 10c.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Atwood, Capt. J. B. (2) 3c.
Agent, Tom Thumb
Agent or Manager, Katie Putnam Dram. Co.
Austin, Robt. G.
Allyne, Prof. (magician)
Atkinson, Gus
Benedict, Lew
Bassett, C. M.
Banker, Ed.
Berrell, G. Barton
Bunting, Lawrence
Buntline, Ned (2)
Bronte, C. E. (2)
Barnard, Fred. W.
Barnes, Lucien
Bernabo, Adolfo
Bailey, Mr. (Bailey's Circus)
Butler, Chas. W. 3c.
Bailey, Harry
Bell, Geo. A. (circus)
Backenstose, Dr. Ed.
Barnum, P. T.
Balayner, Antonio
Barnard, E.
Boone, E. D. (2)
Benoit, T. J.
Coullier, Prof. (circus)
Charles, G. W.
Cellino, Tito
Cassidy, Henry
Clifford, Harry
Cannon, Tommy
Connolly, E. E.
Cornish, Henry
Campbell, Bartley (2) 3c.
Conklin, Pete 10c.
Converse, Frank B.
Cotton, Billy
Clinton, Leon
Cabanitz, Sig.
Clark, Bob
Carroll, W. B.
Chapman, Frank M.
Cohan, Jerry (2)
Courtland, Brothers
Cogill & Cooper
Cole, Jas. W. 2, Frank L. 12c.
Crosby, W. H.
Chaffee, Pro. G. W.
Crisman, B. F.
Devere, Sam
Davenport, Geo. C.
De Lantie, Prof.
De Garmo, P. T.
De Witt, Thos.
Day, Chas. H.
Dolan, Ed. (2)
Dobson, Frank P.
Dumont, Frank
Davenport, Geo. C.
DeVere, Billy
Duffie, J. M.
Dubois, Geo.
Donaldson, Tico. P.
Freeth, J. W.
Forbes, Chas. (6)
Forbes, Ned
Forrest, Wm.
Ferris, Geo. T.
Fox, Richard
Ferris, John (2)
Freeman, Harry 3c.
Fox, Master Willie
Farron, T. J.
Foote, Jr., Wm.
Fogerty, Prof.
Fortesque, Geo. K.
Fulton, Burt
Foster, G. W.
Gaston, Albert
Gotthold, E. M. (3) 3c.
Gibson, Adolphe
Grisie, C. Baity
Gilbert, Ed
Greenleaf, G. F.
Goshan, Peter
Green, J. E.
Hall, H. S. (2)
Gorman, William
George, F.
Gaston, Geo.
Hess, G. J.
Hallam, Prof.
Hawk, Harry
Hanley, M. W.
Hurley, Joseph
Holden, Frank
Hasson, Billy
Hart, Thos.
Hemmings, Richd. (circus)
Haight, Andrew
Harrison, James
Hamilton, Theo.
Harris, Dan
Harrison, Charlie (vocalist)
Herbert, Fred
Hill, Prof. John A.
Hall, Mills
Hamilton, Henry
Hawk, Harry
Hall, E. M.
Harrison, G. W. 6c.
Haskins, Charles
Hassan, Hash
Hurst, John
Hardy, Harry
Hosmer, Mat.
Hind, T. J.
Honywood, R. H.
Harland, Paul
Jackson, S.
Jack, James (2)
Jarvis, Chas. H.
"Jerpe"
Jordan, Charles
Jones, Edgar
Johnson, Frank
Keyes, David A.
Kidder, C. W. (2)
Kendall, Ed. (2)
Kelly, John T.
Kinsley, Sam. L.
Kidder, E. E.
Kemble, Chas.
Kidder, E. E.
Keish, F. M.
Kleary, Wm.
Long, J. C. (circus)
Lester, Billy
Leonard, Geo.
Leopold, George
Leavitt, Ben
Linyard, W. H. (12)
Leslie, John (circus)
Lorenzo, Sig.
Linden, Ernest (2)
Locke, Yankee
Lowande, Martine
Leavitt, M. B.
Lavake, Will K. (2)
Le Clair, J.
Leland, Sid (Dean's Circus)
Leonard, Walter
Lyman, Geo. C.
Luke, John D.
Launier, W. M.
Lawrence, George
Manning, Wm.
Montford, Frank
Macarte, Fred.
Maboury, Wm. 6c.
McWade, Robt.
Melville, Charles
Mallahan, Ned
Manager or Agent, Jane Coombs' Troupe
Meldrum, R. S.
Mack, E. J.
Moore, F. C.
Morgan, Prof. D.
Murtz, John
Martinetti, Albert
Murray, Dominick 3c.
Morosini, G.
Mankin, G. W.
Mack, Harry 3c.
McDonough, T. B.
Manning, J. (trapeze)
Matthews, C. C.
Melville, E.
Manager, Burbish Dram. Co.
Newcombe, Bobby
Norrie, Jos.
North, L. J. 10c.
Noon, Jack (2)
Norton, J. S.
Norton, F. H.
Noonan, Billy
Orrin Brothers (3) 3c.
Omohondro, J. B. (Texas Jack) (2)
O'Brien, John
Otis, F. H.
Proctor, Joseph
Philippie, Prof. (wizard)
Parker, James
Price, Wally (2)
Peck, Jack
Peak, Ed. S.
Palmer, Chas. C.
Page, Frank A.
Quartette (California)
Robinson, J. S.
Raymond, John T.
Richmond, R. Moe
Robison, J. S.
Roher, Geo.
Ringold & Rockwell
Roche, Frank
Reynolds or Date
Reynolds & Romer)
Rapp, David
"Ricardo" (2)
Riggs, T. G.
Rhinock, Duck (canvasman)
Reynolds, Barney
Rees, Willard
Read, Beaumont
Rice, Col. Dan
Rehelski, Carl
Rubbi, Sig.
Rowes, L. F.
Robinson, Harry
Robinson, John T.
Rogers, Lorane
Sawin, Frank
Sherrie, Harry
Smith, Mark
Sharpe, K.
Slocum, Lea
Somers, Jack 10c.
Stocking, Frank
Sorlie, C.
Stanley, R. E.
Stetson, Hy. R. (2)
Smith, Ed. K. L.
Stanley, Ernest
Sadler, Thos.
Stanwood, Harry
Sylvester, Edd
Saville, Stephen (2)
Stevens, John A.
Sawtelle, Ed
Schultz, H. F.
Spencer, Don Chas. 10c.
Seidinger, John
Sterne, Morris E.
Sharpe, Geo.
Thompson, John
Thorne, Jas. H.
Twyne, Jack
Thornton, Charles
Vincent, Billy (3) 9c.
Victorelli, John
Victorelli, H.
Value, Olive
Wilson, Frank G. (2)
Watson, Harry
Wray, Geo. W.
Weaver, Mr. (stage man'g'r.
Walhalla Bros.
Williams, Jno. I.
Wittzien, Chas. F.
Wheeler, Ben
Wall, Harry (Annie Adams)
Washburn, E. S. (5)
Wambold, Jack
Ward, Harry
Walsh, J. K.
Welling, Chas.
Wambold, Dick
White, Joseph
Wilhelm, Gustave
Wyman, Fred
Waldron, Dan (song and dance)
Whipple, Asa L.
Zorn, Gustave
Zeltner, X. 10c.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, July 7, '73.

After the Fourth's fitful fever, we sleep well; and all is as calm and serene as the budding love of sweet sixteen. We have shot away the nation's birthday—we have swallowed oceans of beer in toasting the patriots of old, and we have reached our bottom dollar in the deep excess of our freeborn ardor. And now, having done all these things in orthodox style—having welcomed the Fourth in a becoming manner, and witnessed its going-ont in a blaze of glory, we shall next go a-fishing, recreate ourselves in old ocean's foam, or hide away in some rural retreat where duns are never seen, and life-insurance agents are unknown.....Pity for the theatres and show places last week. Old Sol bore down with a heavy hand on indoor amusements, giving treasurers such a fit of melancholy as to induce "fears for their recovery." Boucicault has been very unfortunate in the presentation of his new places this Summer. His "Mora" met with a more afflicting reception than his plays are wont to receive; and my, my, what a sadness attended the presentation of his "Mimi." It was distressing to witness the coldness attendant on these warm-weather productions. The audiences looked like a sea of ice; and Wallack's Theatre, where once a sea of faces could always be seen, looked barren and desolate in its lack of patrons and consequent lack of rupees.....While treasurers generally have been mourning and despairing, and "Jarley" has had a plenitude of negotiable paper, it is pleasing to have it in our power to note an exception—Mr. Appleton, treasurer of the Fifth-avenue Theatre, who, without ostentation, has made his Marks this season.....Bartley Campbell's triumph this season will be "Galley Slaves." Let us hope that it will not turn out to be one of the broken "Hearts" we hear so much about. The author, we learn, "Risks" its success on his previous good play.....West Virginia is Wheeling into line as a supporter of the legitimate. A new opera-house is now progressing towards completion in Wheeling, and already a number of first-class stars have secured "time" therein.....The question now arises whether the diggings of California will be able to furnish gold enough to top off gold-headed canes for actors to sport. It may be proper for us to look into this matter a little ahead of time, for a failure at the mines might end in a corner in Wall street, and thus put up the price of canes.....That was a true patriot, who, convicted of murder at Meridian, Miss., asked to be hung on the 4th of July. Equally patriotic was the judge who let the man have his own way for that day only.....A *brass* band furnishes music for a Newport church, whereat city people are the principal attendants. It is a very pretty idea, showing that like begets like. This is ironical.....The Japanese juggler is wanted in England, so an advertisement in one of the London papers says, as follows: "Wanted—An American who can make a speech in England without saying anything about Americans being of the same blood as Shakespeare." Such a speech might suggest that George Francis Train be engaged. In his speeches George always makes Shakespeare take a back seat, the coming dictator being the foremost figure.....Smart as some of our sleight-of-handers fancy themselves, they do now and then make a "fox pass," as "Our Jim" says. There was one man who made a target of himself and was blown all to bits by a Western sharp-shooter who had slyly slipped some real bullets of his own into the rifle, and remarking to his audience as he loaded it that he would "fix" them, he did come to in a minute, but I can't wait to see the rest of the trick," went out, got onto his noble steed, and was ne'er seen again. There was another chap that pounded up a dozen watches, and forgot how to make 'em whole again. *He* set up a watchmaker's store afterwards. And there was the Sphinx trick, with a living head on a table with nothing under it but two lighted candles just to show there's no deception, smokes cigars, and has an Indian talk with the "esquimator," or whatever he calls himself; one day, while the Sphinx was enjoying himself in an angry dispute with the boss, a wasp, or bumbly bee, or something like that, lit upon Mister Sphinx's nose, and stung him just as if he *wasn't* a Sphinx. The latter didn't know what to do about it, couldn't use his hands, because Sphinxes don't have any, and there was that murderous bumbly bee a-sticking it into his nose and eyes and mouth, until at last, seeing that forbearance ceased to be a virtue, the party who did the Sphinx made a break, and clashed down the two mirrors in front, showing how the whole thing was done, to the delight of the audience and to the disgust of the Sphinx's proprietor. Once we saw a little boy get under a magician's table before the show commenced, and when the people had assembled, and the man of magic was astonishing them with his marvelous feats of legerdemain, that cunning little boy very quietly raised the curtain of the table, disclosing "how the old thing worked," and the magician none the wiser until the laughter of the people as the little boy's trick let him into the secret. But the worst scrape we ever saw a magic man get into was in the basket trick. The assistant had a difficulty with one of the hands, who owed him a quarter for value received. This villainous debtor refused to pay up, which made the assistant very angry indeed. So, the night we are telling you of, this hand was to assist in the basket trick, the assistant managing the traps and things underneath. In this trick, the man has to get into an Indian basket, and soon after disappear in a very mysterious manner the while the head-magician is lunging a sword through the basket, much to the horror of the civilized spectators. But this night, after the man entered the basket, the magician, thinking all was well, kept jabbing his sword right into the basket, while sounds of human distress emanated from the same; but the magician slashed away to the intense delight of the people as they saw blood oozing out of the basket onto the floor, bless you. The chap inside was yelling, "Let me out—you're a-killing me!" "Pay me me quarter," shouted the worthy assistant under the stage, who held the trap tight. At last the basket was turned over, and out tumbled the debtor, lacerated in body, wounded in feelings, and vowing all sorts of vengeance against the disgusted assistant.....And now, as the players are assembling, let us versify about a few of

THE FAVORITES OF THE DAY.

EDWIN ADAMS.

"I am the bold Thunder!" young Rover exclaims,
And enter the beau of a century past;
Here's grace and vivacity—pon my veracity;
Fate, fresh surprises forever thou hast!
Only but yesterday wearing the crown,
Loftily, royally strode he the stage,
Anon as Arden, he seans the horizon,
See him again as old Mentor the sage.
Whether as prince or as peasant excelling,
Meekly yet proudly his honors he bears;
Fame in a niche of her own has enshrin'd him,
Worthy the chaplet of laurel he wears!

BOUCICAULT.

Who "gilds the lily, or refines the rose,"
Wields an ungracious office, goodness knows!
And, as with quill or quip John's "up to snuff,"
Let us just here and now cry "*quantum suff.*"

McCULLOUGH.

Star of the West! thy genius shineth,
Though far remote, with dazzling lustre,
And 'mid the host of orbs that form,
Brightest art thou of thine own cluster.

BOUCICAULT.

Well, really, thou *hast* the "A" surance,"
To stick up thus late in the day
For the prize which thine own is already;
Pray, tell us now, what's your next play?

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

Degeneracy of the Drama!
What's all this nonsense we hear?
Do talent and skill pass for nothing?
Well, really, it's very queer!
Let's imagine our stage a quiver
Filled with arrows the sharpest and best,
And of all, as we're a sinner,
Young Barrett the first is confest.

JOE FOSTER.

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage"
So Shakespeare wrote, but here the proverb fails;
For still "Old Nick" of him lacks not possession,
Still fortune's breezes fill his galley's sails.

GEORGE BONIFACE.

A "bonny face" thou hast, Tween, Tween,
And not a mein uncanny;
Thou young fame's round hast half-way climbed,
And may'st compete with any.

MAYO.

"May I come in?" our hero says,
And straight without does cry,
A voice gives answer from within,
And Fame responds, "You May—O!"

AIMEE (FRENCH FOR BELOV'D).

Pretty pet of the opera,
Op'ra that's known as *bouffe*,
Ever singing and laughing,
Always happy in part,
Casting the archest of glances
At admirers in the parquet,
Chirping like any cricket,
In such irresistible way;
Daintily move her light fingers
Over her airy guitar,
From her eye there issues a radiance
That twinkles like any star—
O would I were but in the arms, dear,
And my head were but the guitar!
You might thump it and thump it, and welcome,
It would give such a pleasant jar!

ANNIE ADAMS.

Annie's arch and Annie's spry,
Twig the twinkle of her eye!
Like a nightingale she sings,
She's an angel without wings,
In each glance some peril lurks
And a world of mischief works.
Now let mirth and Momus reign;
"Gentle Annie's" come again!

CITY SUMMARY.

MISS ANNIE ADAMS and Mr. H. Wall are to sail for England on July 10.

THE ATTENDANCE at all of the theatres, with the exception of Wood's Museum, on the national holiday was most meagre.

AT THE BOWERY THEATRE a drama entitled "Wedded, Yet No Wife," was acted during the week. It has been hitherto reviewed in these columns. It was preceded on Monday and Tuesday evenings by a farce entitled "Two in One Room." On Wednesday evening George Franco, a popular comedian, received a benefit, when he had the voluntary assistance of Harry Clifford, Charles E. Dobson, Bobby Newcomb and J. Sandbrook. The performances commenced with the farce entitled "The Man with the White Hat," in which Harry Clifford acted a chief character, which was followed by "Wedded, Yet No Wife," and "Sloppy Sam," with George Franco in the title role. During the entre acts the other artists who had volunteered performed their specialties. On Thursday evening Monday's programme was repeated. A matinee was given on Friday, when "Wedded, Yet No Wife" and "The Cradle of Liberty" were performed, and in the evening the first-named drama was repeated and preceded by "The Miller of New Jersey." Friday night's bill was repeated on Saturday. Ala the gymnast appeared at every performance during the week. Attendance fair. This week the Hernandez Foster Pantomime Troupe are to perform "Jack and the Beanstalk."

"MAY," a new play from the pen of Dion Boucicault, was produced at Wallack's Theatre on Tuesday evening, July 1. The cast included Messrs. D. Boucicault, A. D. Bradley, W. H. Crisp, B. T. Ringgold, John Howson, E. Lamb, the Misses Katherine Rogers, Effie Germon, Mary Wells, Vandyke and Mrs. Fanny Foster.

THE SUMMER SEASON at Niblo's Garden closed with the performances of Saturday evening, July 5, and was one of the most disastrous, pecuniarily and artistically, ever known at that theatre. On Monday evening, June 30, a play entitled "The Beats of New York," dramatized by J. J. Wallace, was first produced at that theatre, and was performed during the week to a very meagre attendance. Mr. Wallace acted the dual characters Jimmy Brown and Lord Gordon, and we never saw him appear to so little advantage. We consider him a good actor, but among the best character actors on the stage, but in this play he evinced the possession of little or no ability. The play is loosely constructed, while the dialogue is far from good, and at times becomes offensive. Little scope was afforded the large cast for the display of histrionic ability, but all apparently exerted themselves to give as much effect as possible to the play, which will now probably be consigned to oblivion, and therefore needs no further comment. Lulu performed her gymnastic feats during the week.

MISS AMY STONE commenced an engagement at the Olympic Theatre on June 30, acting some five characters in a drama entitled "Cigarette, the Little Leopard of France," a dramatization of the well-known novel of "Under Two Flags." Other versions of the same work have been seen here, one entitled "Firefly," acted at Wallack's with Lotta in the chief characters, and another produced under the same title as the novel, in which Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins performed. Under these circumstances it did not prove to be what it was announced in the advertisements—"another new novelty." Considerable new and beautiful scenery had been painted for it, and the costumes were fresh, rich and elegant. Miss Stone possesses a fair amount of ability, but it is evident that she has not practiced her art in a good school, as there is a crudity and lack of finish about it. Besides the characters assumed by Miss Stone the cast included thirty-four others, most of whom, however, had little to say or do. The chief characters were cast as follows: Bertie Cecil and Louis Victor, Edwin F. Thorne; Col. Chateaurey, E. Healy; Ildernin, M. B. Snyder; Royallieu, H. G. Byer; Philip Lockingham, H. B. Laurens; Berkely Cecil, O. J. Barr; Ezra Baroni, T. R. Hann; Ben Hamel, George Maxwell; Abraham Partier, John Matthews; Marshal of France, H. C. Chippendale; Capt. Ferrier, George C. Jordan, J. A. and Lady Guinevere, Miss Mary Brevan, for whom deserve commendation for the care and attention bestowed. The attendance on the opening night was quite liberal, but during the week rapidly diminished. The same attraction will be continued during the present week, which will terminate the season.

T. G. RIGGS commenced a week's engagement at Wood's Museum on Monday evening, June 30, acting then and at the evening performances during the week, as well as the Saturday matinee, in the well-known drama of "Shin Fane." Mr. Riggs possesses a fund of natural humor, and his portrayal of the Irish character was received with much favor. At the customary matinees the drama entitled "The Lottery of Death" and "The Charcoal Burner" constituted the attraction. On July 4 an extra performance occurred at eleven o'clock in the morning, when a variety entertainment was given. This evening Harry Clifford is to commence an engagement, acting in "Pomp," and D. E. Ralton will act at the matinees in "Wild Bill."

M. B. LEAVITT, the minstrel manager, arrived in town July 2, having closed his season at Wellsville, O., June 28. He will shortly take a company through the British Provinces.

STUART ROBSON was here on a flying visit during the past week.

BERNARD MACAULEY, manager of Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, O., is in town, and will remain some two weeks.

STUART ROBSON is engaged for the coming season at the Union-square Theatre.

LISLE WARE is in town, having closed her season at Philadelphia, Pa. She will probably visit England during the Summer.

C. D. HESS arrived during the past week. He has withdrawn from the management of Aiken's Theatre, Troy, N. Y., and is about organizing an English-opera Troupe, of which Miss Clara Louise Kellogg will be the chief attraction.

J. J. MCCLOSKY, the present stage-manager of the Olympic Theatre, deserves credit for the care and attention which have been exhibited in his department.

JOHN ALLEN and Alice Harrison acted at the Theatre Comique during the past week in their well-known drama of "Schneider," in which they introduced several fresh songs and dances. The attendance continued fair during the week, and with the performances of July 5 the Summer season terminated. During the recess the stage is to be entirely rebuilt, a cellar excavated underneath, the private boxes reconstructed, and the entire auditorium cleansed and redecorated. A variety season will be inaugurated in August under the management of Josh Hart.

OWEN FAWCETT left for the West on July 7, to pass the Summer in that section of our country. He is engaged at Daly's new Fifth-avenue Theatre for next season.

ELISE HOLT and Horace Wall sailed from England per steamship City of Chester, a new vessel and next in size to the Great Eastern, on July 3.

DALY'S NEW FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE, now in process of construction on Twenty-eighth street, at the corner of Broadway, is announced to be opened for the regular season on Oct. 13. The entire company will previously perform in Cincinnati, O., Buffalo, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa., and Brooklyn, L. I.

DALY'S BROADWAY THEATRE is the title by which the theatre opposite the New York Hotel will henceforth be known. It will be run as a star theatre, Mlle. Aimee and her opera-bouffe company being the opening attraction, commencing August 25.

JOHN COLLINS, the well-known Irish comedian and vocalist, is to commence a star engagement at Wood's Museum on Monday evening, July 14, and Miss Florence Noble will act at the matinee performances that week.

AFTER THE PRESENT WEEK the only places of amusement that will be open in this city will be Wood's Museum, Wallack's and the Bowery—less than have been known in many years.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, T. W. Davey, Harry Bowditch and the members of the company that supported Mr. Barrett in his recent tour have arrived in the city.

THE CHAPMAN SISTERS, accompanied by their mother, who had been seriously ill with rheumatism for several weeks, returned from California July 6.

TONY DENIER has returned to the city to organize his "Humpty Dumpty" company.

J. K. EMMET is to commence a month's engagement at Daly's Broadway Theatre on Oct. 6. He will be followed by Carlotta Leclercq, who will in turn give place to W. H. Lingard's Combination.

THE OPENING ATTRACTION at the Grand Opera-house will be "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with G. L. Fox as Bottom.

MAY HOWARD arrived from England on June 30, and left for San Francisco, Cal., on July 2.

HARRY PALMER sailed from England for this city on July 2.

LAURA ALBERTA commences an engagement at the Bowery Theatre July 28, acting in "Katy the Hot-Corn Girl."

MARIETTA RAVEL and Martin W. Hanley arrived in the city July 5. They report that they performed to a crowded house at Lockport, N. Y., on the 4th.

DEATH OF MRS. SHAW-HAMBLIN.—Eliza Mary Ann Hamblin, the fourth wife of the late Thomas Sowerby Hamblin, died at her residence in this city on July 4. The funeral notice announced her age as 55 years 3 months and 14 days, but we think an error has been made, as she appeared as a child on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, London, Eng., in 1816 as one of the soldiers in "Richard III," in which Clara Fisher, then an infant prodigy, acted the chief character. Her maiden name was Trewar and she married Dr. Shaw, from whom she obtained a divorce after arriving in America. She made her first appearance in this country at the Park Theatre, New York, on July 25, 1836, acting Mariana in "The Wife," and although the public knew nothing of her previous to her appearance, she created a powerful impression and soon after became a popular and attractive star. Mr. Ireland in his "Records of the New York Stage" says: "She was in the full prime of womanly beauty on her arrival here, and rarely have so many charms of figure, face and mind been united in one individual. Her talents were happily adapted to either of the higher walks of the drama, but though she appeared to advantage in many tragic assumptions, her superior excellence lay in the elegant and refined creations of the comic muse. Beatrice, Rosalind, Lady Teazle, Violante, Juliana, Widow Cheerly, Lady Gay Spanker, and, above all, Constance in the 'Love Chase,' of which she was the original American representative, were among her most delightful personations, and in which she won her greenest and most enduring laurels. Gayety sat like a crown upon her brow, and the difficulty she experienced in driving the wreathed smile from her features, and of looking the wretchedness she so touchingly expressed in words, almost deprived her of the right to claim the rank of a first-class tragedienne, to which she made oft-repeated pretensions. Yet there was a line of tragedy in which she appeared to eminent advantage, her fine person lending her an aid too often denied to female representatives of such youthful heroes. This line included Hamlet, Romeo, Young Norval and Ion, in which she far surpassed, to our taste, all ladies who have dared to attempt them, Miss Tree in Ion alone excepted. We believe she never undertook Richard, Rolla or Virginius, but we are sorry to say that she rendered Jack Sheppard fascinating and attractive, and gave an impetus of popularity to the dangerous drama of that name that is not yet fully spent. In 1839 Mrs. Shaw transferred herself to the Bowery, becoming the star of the company and the heroine of all the tinseled and glaring melodramas so delightful to theatre-goers in the eastern section of the town. By this move, Mrs. Shaw probably increased her pecuniary emoluments, but she lost the well-earned repute gained in the first theatre of the country, and the *prestige* of her name within its walls was gone forever, as she found to her sorrow when, in after years, she once more attempted to tread its boards in the proud position of its crumbling spirit, as the wife of its last manager. Mrs. Shaw was publicly announced as Mrs. Hamblin soon after the death of the first lady of that name, which occurred in 1840. Her popularity at the Bowery Theatre was for many years unbounded, but finally fell off, and her last public appearance of any *éclat* of increasing *embonpoint* limited her successful representations to a very narrow range. Mrs. Shaw-Hamblin clung long to her profession, although it was understood that the death of her husband left her in possession of a handsome competence. Her first list of characters on the Park boards consisted of Mariana, Juliet, Julia, the Youthful Queen and Widow Cheerly." For the past few years she has been living in retirement. Her funeral took place from her late residence, No. 16 West Twenty-fourth street, on July 7, at two o'clock P. M.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN publishes in another column some matter of general interest to professional people desirous to transact business through a dramatic agency, at No. 9 West Fourth street. He also states that Tony Denier, who can be addressed in care of his office, desires to engage a few first-class artists for the Fox and Denier Pantomime Troupe; that F. A. Connell & Co., who are the lessees of the new Royal Lyceum, Toronto, Ont., want a full dramatic company for the coming season, and are prepared to negotiate with stars; some complimentary notices from the English press of the Foy Sisters are published, and managers of variety theatres are notified that they have been engaged for a season in America in August with a number of new duets written expressly for them; also new and magnificent wardrobes. They can be engaged through the above agency, as also can be Miss May Howard, who announces her intention of starting in a repertoire of characters, comprising a number of new plays, most of which have never been performed on the American stage, among them a new play by H. J. Byron; "The Wandering Heir," by Charles Reade; an American comedy, "Good as Gold," and a play by Sardon entitled "Seraphine." O. W. Blake, comedian, can be addressed in care of this agency. Della, a serio-comic, and Lolo Harry, an infant prodigy two years of age; Sig. Donato, the one-legged dancer, and George Tirrell, scenic artist, can be engaged. E. D. Davies announces that he will sail for this city on August 20 to fulfill his second engagement at Niblo's Garden, where he will introduce for the first time in America his life-size figures, "Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan George Washington," and at the conclusion of his engagement there managers can secure the services through E. Brown. Lizzie Quinton, soubrette and vocalist, and Laura Alberta, supported by G. W. Harrison, with a new sensation play entitled "The Heiress of Marcy," can also be engaged.

JERRY P. THOMAS informs his friends, through a card in another column, that he has renovated his museum and art gallery at 1,239 Broadway and will have a reopening on July 9. He also states that on the following day the establishment will be thrown open for ladies exclusively.

J. J. MCCLOSKEY, manager of the Grand Central Theatre and Mortimer's Varieties, Philadelphia, informs us that he will be at the St. Charles Hotel on the 8th inst. He visits the city in search of talent for next season.

SAM'L WEAVER, dramatic agents, 636 Broadway and No. 9 Amity street, whose cards are in another column, state that Hattie and Bennie Grinell, song-and-dance children; Eddie Norwood, Dutch comedian and vocalist; Livingstone Bros., gymnasts, etc., and Chas. Loo, Chinese juggler, can be engaged through them. They also send several people, and original sketches for two children.

JOSEPH E. WHITING, the leading man of the Providence, R. I., Opera-house, during the past season, arrived on July 7.

DRAMATIC.

To Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers and Others.

To every authorized correspondent of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER we have issued a card of a LIGHT-GREEN COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the name of the correspondent, city, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office and date of March 1, 1873, affixed thereunto, each card bearing the number which the correspondent is authorized to use any other card, and all showmen are earnestly requested not to recognize or extend favors to any person on behalf of the CLIPPER unless he can produce one with the above. Parties applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider silence a negative.

A MISTAKE.—We were in error about W. H. Lingard having paid his company up to June 14, as stated in a late issue, and Mr. Lingard writes us to correct it, saying that he "paid Mr. Kidder's salary up to June 14," and also "paid my company in full to date, the salary for one night's work, and that, too, five nights after the burning of the Globe Theatre in Boston."

MANAGERS desiring to communicate with Marietta Ravel can address M. W. Hanley, care of this office.

THE MARIE WILTON Opera Company closed a season of ten months' duration at St. Louis, Mo., on June 27.

IMRE KIRALFY, while in London, Eng., was presented by his wife on April 4 with a little son.

CHAS. ADAMS, who advertises, wants to engage a dramatic company.

J. H. MCVICKER, through a card in another column, requests the ladies and gentlemen engaged for the coming season at his theatre to report in Chicago by Aug. 1.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK ALLEN joined McLear's star aggregation at Moravia, N. Y. They performed at Montezuma July 3, Clyde 4, Lyons 5, and are billed at Seneca Falls 7, Waterloo 8, Phelps 9.

THE SEASON at Canterbury Hall closed on June 28, and all the members of the company that supported Mr. Barrett in his recent tour have arrived in the city.

THE CHAPMAN SISTERS, accompanied by their mother, who had been seriously ill with rheumatism for several weeks, returned from California July 6.

TONY DENIER has returned to the city to organize his "Humpty Dumpty" company.

J. K. EMMET is to commence a month's engagement at Daly's Broadway Theatre on Oct. 6. He will be followed by Carlotta Leclercq, who will in turn give place to W. H. Lingard's Combination.

THE OPENING ATTRACTION at the Grand Opera-house will be "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with G. L. Fox as Bottom.

MAY HOWARD arrived from England on June 30, and left for San Francisco, Cal., on July 2.

HARRY PALMER sailed from England for this city on July 2.

LAURA ALBERTA commences an engagement at the Bowery Theatre July 28, acting in "Katy the Hot-Corn Girl."

MARIETTA RAVEL and Martin W. Hanley arrived in the city July 5. They report that they performed to a crowded house at Lockport, N. Y., on the 4th.

THE BENEFIT tendered to Manager Keeble at the Capitol Theatre, Albany, N. Y., June 30, was a pecuniary success, the house being well filled with a select and appreciative audience, which was a deserving tribute to a gentleman who, during his management of this theatre for the past two seasons, has made himself popular by his affable manner, business qualities and talent as an actor, wrote our correspondent on

mention were the riding of the Misses Watson and Cook, Sig. Sebastian, Frank Barry and Master Castello; the trapeze evolutions of Messrs. Millson, Lazelle, Gregory and Mathews, and the feats of strength of Mlle. Angela. Fully 75,000 people attended the five performances."

COLE'S NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS CIRCUS exhibited with so much success in San Francisco, Cal., during the week ending June 28, that the season will be extended seven nights longer than was originally contemplated. The trip to the interior will consequently be deferred for that length of time. An accident occurred to Mlle. Maretta during the performance on the 24th, which caused great excitement. While being drawn up to go through her trapeze act with her sister, and before the net was spread beneath her, the king-bolt broke and she fell some fifteen feet to the ground. She was painfully but not seriously injured, and her reappearance will be made in the course of a few days. So reported our correspondent on June 28.

THE PARIS PAVILION CIRCUS performed at St. Paul, Minn., July 4, 5, and is to show at St. Cloud 7, Anoka 8, Minneapolis 9, Stillwater 10, Eau Claire 11.

DAN RICE'S CIRCUS is billed to perform at Toronto, Ont., July 15, 16.

JOHN ROBINSON'S WORLD'S EXPOSITION is to exhibit at St. Joseph, Mo., July 14.

G. F. BAILEY & CO'S CIRCUS will perform at Merengo, Ill., July 7, Belvidere 8, Rockford 9, Beloit, Wis., 10, Janesville 11, Broadhead 12.

FOREPAUGH'S AGGREGATION is billed to show at Holland, Mich., July 9, Alleghany 10, Paw Paw 11.

WILLIAM STEWART, boss canvasman of Grady's Circus, who was seriously stabbed at Decatur, Mich., on June 17 by English Charley, and has since been at his home in Fort Wayne, Ind., has so nearly recovered that it was thought he would have been able to join the show a Kankakee, Ill., on July 4.

J. E. WARNER'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE are billed to exhibit at New Haven, Ind., July 10.

"OLD" JOHN ROBINSON'S GREAT SHOW exhibits at Quincy, Ill., July 7.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S Circus is to perform at St. John, N. B., July 14, 15, 16.

HOWE'S LONDON CIRCUS and Sanger's English Menagerie of Trained Animals exhibited at Pittsburgh, Pa., July 3, 4, 5. Business averaged large. The ring performances were good throughout. Mlle. Dockrill's bareback riding elicited the warmest encomiums, and the hurdle act of Wm. H. Morgan was heartily applauded. The performances of both were very fine. The gymnastic and acrobatic feats were artistically accomplished, and the trained animals, consisting of five elephants, hyenas, tigers, etc., were uncommon and attractive features. The numerous other acts presented were creditably executed, and the street parades were imposing and attracted thousands of people to witness them. On the evening of the 3d inst., a serious accident occurred. At about a quarter of ten o'clock, a terrific gust of wind struck the pavilions, and in a few moments afterward the centre poles gave way, and many thousand people—men, women and children—were hurried under huge piles of canvas. There was, as might be expected, a panic, and the distressing cries of poor frightened humanity, and fearful howls of wild animals, were appalling in the extreme. The canvas caught fire from the gas burners around the centre poles, but the heavy rain almost instantly extinguished it. After the excitement had partially subsided, it was ascertained, to everybody's utter surprise, that not only all had escaped with their lives, but that no one was dangerously injured. Two ladies and one or two gentlemen sustained severe bruises, from which it is probable they will soon recover. One of the elephants was found leisurely promenading up-town, but he was easily captured and taken back. A couple of cages were blown over, but no loss or damage resulted therefrom. The disaster was unavoidable. The canvas was of strong material, and every precaution, I am informed, was taken in securely putting it up. The loss to the proprietors will be considerable in the way of being unable to give their regular performances. On the 4th, the morning exhibition had to be entirely dispensed with; and in the afternoon, it was so late before the tents could be got in proper condition, that hundreds of persons concluded not to wait for the show, and returned to their homes; but all who desired to attend on the latter occasion could not be accommodated with room, had the tent been up and much larger. So wrote our correspondent on July 5.

A. B. ROSSTON advertises that he can be engaged as advance on contracting agent.

J. J. SNOWLES, advance agent, with Howe's London Circus, can be addressed as per advertisement.

KNOCKING DOWN.—A correspondent in Hagerstown, Maryland, desires that we give publicity to the following communication, concerning a little matter which recently took place in that town. He says: "The combination known as Howe's London Circus and Sanger's Menagerie exhibited at this place on June 17, and during the performance in the afternoon a citizen of the county, then witnessing the exhibition, was requested by one of the attaches to sit down, which he for some reason refused to do, whereupon he was struck and knocked down, taking his seat hastily and rather unceremoniously. This little affair produced considerable excitement. This cob Wahl, a canvasman connected with the establishment, was later in the afternoon arrested, charged with the assault. The law of this State provides that in cases of this kind and under these circumstances collateral security to the amount of five hundred dollars for the appearance of the assaulting party at the quarterly session of the Circuit Court is necessary; but as the proprietor of the combination refused to accede to the demands, Wahl was committed in default of bail, and remained in prison awaiting a hearing under the writ of habeas corpus, as it should be proved to the satisfaction of the man who committed the assault, he will be remanded to await the action of the Grand Jury at the next sitting of the Circuit Court. Now, the motive that prompted me to write is to request a few lines in your next issue in behalf of subordinates or employes who, in obeying the orders of their principals, in executing duties required of them by the proprietors, commit an offense and are left to shift for themselves. I understand that at the meeting of the next Legislature of this State (January 10, 1874) a bill will be introduced making the proprietor or proprietors of all circuses, menageries, or other combinations of this character altogether responsible for the action and good conduct of their employes during their tour, or whilst traveling through this State."

HOUP, STICKNEY and his baby boy are thus spoken about by *The Lafayette* (Ind.) *Daily Courier* of June 25: "STICKNEY'S BABY BOY.—One of the attractive features of the John Robinson visitation was Robert Stickney's museum of wonders. It is worthy of Barnum or Colonel Woodruff in grade in everything—a complete show in itself, and always draws a crowd. Mr. Stickney is a gentleman of taste and culture. He ranks among the great riders and athletes of the world; and to prove it more, we desire to say right here that the secret of his wonderful endurance in the rigorous training to which he has been subjected in his athletic development lies in the fact that he never tasted a drop of alcoholic stimulus in his life. He would as soon take poison. He has a lovely family. His baby boy, born, rather unexpectedly, in Lafayette on the occasion of a former visit, is now nearly two months old, and sits a horse like a boy of six years. He was in the ring yesterday in his father's arms, and in one of the most perilous feats of horsemanship, where the baby is held high over the little fellow clapped his hands in baby glee and seemed to enjoy the plaudits of the people. Stickney is very proud of the boy, and, although he has a fortune of $250,000 to start him out in life, he has the ambition to make him the great horseback rider and athlete of the world. We see that Danville, Illinois, sets up the absurd claim that Baby Stickney was born in that town.

"Seven cities claim the Homer dead
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

The notation is not very apropos in some essential points, but Danville need not be putting on any style at the expense of an innocent child, who, without being consulted as to the place of his birth, no doubt has a well-defined preference for Lafayette. That he was born here we have abundant proof, and Danville has no right to claim the honor.

ROBERT THEODORE DANVILLE STICKNEY, an infant son of the celebrated equestrian Robert Stickney, was on July 1 at Danville, Ill., presented with an elegant gold chain with an engraved seal attached. Master Stickney was born at the Ætna House in that city. The following letter accompanied the gift:

DANVILLE, Ill., July 1, 1873.

ROBERT STICKNEY.—DEAR SIR—The undersigned, on behalf of our city, herewith present your son, R. T. Danville Stickney, a chain with a charm attached, in commemoration of the fact that he has been born in and has named by after our city, as well, also, as a token of our respect for yourself personally, and of our appreciation of the classic and high standard of excellence you have reached in your profession. Truly yours, H. W. Beckwith, T. B. Myers, James Knight, L. T. Dickason, William Farmer, C. M. Robbins, Schubina & Hall, M. P. Hall, M. P., C. W. Graham, Peter Walsh, A. S. Williams, John Donlon, J. B. Maun, T. A. J. Brady, Joseph Goldsmith.

The presentation took place at the Ætna House in the presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen, and at the afternoon performance in the circus ring Mr. John Lowlow, the well-known clown, replied, on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Stickney, to the letter accompanying the present.

JOHN HENRY COOKE, who is traveling this season with John H. Murray's Circus, is very favorably noticed by the Eastern press, as will be seen by the appended extracts:

The show inside the tent was a good one, and drew a large crowd. Cooke's riding is excellent.—*Daily Press*, Worcester, Mass., June 5.

John Henry Cooke has no small significance, as his accomplishments are pretty well known to the circus-loving public.—*Boston Herald*, June 10.

The riding by John Henry Cooke cannot be excelled, and in one of his greatest acts he is assisted by his little boy, Leicester, who is a "chip of the old block."—*Boston Journal*, June 12.

By all means visit the circus and see for yourselves. The manifold abilities of John Henry Cooke, the great rider, are enough attraction, and would well repay a visit, the bounding jockey" and Mlle. Antonia's graceful act in "Dick Turpin" being rarely if ever excelled.—*Daily Traveller*, Boston, June 12.

JOHN HENRY COOKE.—This gentleman, now exhibiting with Murray's Circus, whose name has usually prefixed to it "The Great," has certainly fairly won the championship of daring feats of riding in the ring. So rapidly does he change his positions that much of the time he appears in the air, only occasionally touching a toe to the horse's back. His hurdle riding, where he drives six horses abreast, is the wonder of the age; and throughout his grace, ease and freedom from blunders are unequaled.—*Boston News*, June 13.

Each evening's entertainment closes with the drama of "Dick Turpin's Ride to York," with Cooke as Dick Turpin, which is given with every attention to detail and with a care and excellence not often seen in a circus ring.—*Sporting Times*, Boston, June 14.

John Henry Cooke, a dashing rider.—*Portland* (Me.) *Advertiser*, June 28.

John H. Murray's Railroad Circus closed the 14th, having done a big business the entire week. On several occasions the entire audience arose and gave John Henry Cooke three rousing cheers for his unequaled horsemanship.—*New York Mercury*, July 5.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. BRUCE, show-painter, 600 Broadway, N. Y., inserts his card in another column, to which we refer the profession.

PROF. HAVENS, magician and illusionist, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged for the coming season.

N. M. JOHNSTON advertises for side-show curiosities, including a fat woman and dwarf.

BARNUM'S TROUPE OF WILD INDIANS performed at Westchester, Pa., July 1, Coatsville 2, Wilmington, Del., 3, Philadelphia 4, 5.

BRENNAN'S PANORAMA OF IRELAND was exhibited at Toronto, Ont., July 4, 5, 7.

L. W. SCOVEL, whose address find elsewhere, has a panorama of Ireland for sale.

TO EUROPE BY BALLOON.—It is now stated that Messrs. Wise and Donaldson have made such contracts as will enable them to complete their arrangements for a contemplated trip to Europe by balloon. We are told that the manufacture of the aerial ship has been commenced, and that the time of starting will be the latter part of August.

DAN MCCLURE, sideshow talker and sword-swallower, advertises for an engagement. He also owns two curiosities with paintings.

ALF. BURNETT, humorist, assisted by Miss Helen Nash and J. W. Sharpley, can be secured for long or short engagements through his agent, Geo. B. Hodson, whose address is care of this office. He gave entertainments at Oil City, Pa., on July 3, 4, and business is reported to be very good for this season of the year.

GEO. E. WELCH, advance agent, whose address find elsewhere, wants an engagement.

BERT SMITH advertises for a canvas, a second-hand organ and a sideshow talker.

A SIDESHOW CANVAS is wanted. See advertisement.

CURIOSITIES are wanted by Jim Alexander, who can be addressed as per advertisement.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Oil City, Pa., having a seating capacity of thirteen hundred, can be rented through Sam T. Jack, whose card is in another column.

FRANCOIS, magician, commenced a Summer season on July 2, performing at Mount Kisco, N. Y., Bedford 3, 4, Katonah 5, and is billed to show at Lake Mahopac 7, Croton Falls 8.

ANOTHER FRAUD.—A person calling himself E. A. Macallister, registering himself from Buffalo, N. Y., at a hotel in Kalamazoo, Mich., and claiming to be the agent of Macallister's Silver Show, announced a performance of that show in Kalamazoo, and then left town without paying several bar accounts and his hotel bill.

EYDER'S MORAL SHOW and Burlesque Bellringers performed at Warsaw, N. Y., July 4, Perry 5, and are billed at Mount Morris 7, Nunda 8, Portage 9.

WM. HALL, an agent who has five years' experience, advertises for an engagement.

A SECOND-HAND PANORAMA is wanted. See advertisement.

THE NEW MASONIC HALL, Harrisburg, Pa., will soon be ready for occupation. It is being supplied with theatrical appointments, and is well ventilated. The seating capacity will be 1,324—222 in gallery, 446 family circle, 464 parquet, and 192 orchestra.

E. B. BROWN, business and route agent, who can be addressed care of this office, will be at liberty to accept engagements for the Fall and Winter after Sept. 1.

PLAYS, wigs, colored fires, etc., can be purchased of James F. Crossen, who advertises.

ADAH M. HOWARD advertises that she is prepared to do copying for dramatic writers.

AMATEUR.

THE HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss., Dramatic Association performed "The Dream at Sea" on June 30.

AN AMATEUR ASSOCIATION has been formed at Fort Wayne, Ind.

MR. CATHERWOOD of the Arkwright Amateur Association, Savannah, Ga., received a benefit on July 3, when "The Fruits of the Wine Cup" and "State Secrets" were performed.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

OUR ADVICES concerning foreign amusements are up to June 22. With that week the Haymarket had completed 149 performances of "The Wicked World." On the 23d Miss Edith Gray was to have made her first appearance in London, acting Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet."..... At the Lyceum Miss Bateman commenced on the 21st twelve representations of Medea.

..... At the Queen's Theatre a Summer season was commenced on the 21st under the management of Miss Marie Litton, when Miss Clive was to have made her first appearance on any stage, acting Lady Constance in "King John."..... At the Gaiety Charles Mathews was announced to have closed his engagement on June 28. He was to have been followed by George Conquest. ..... Mr. Richard Younge's company closed at the Charing-cross Theatre on June 21..... *The Era* says "that Mr. R. Mansell is organizing a company for his brother, who is now manager of the Lyceum, New York, the theatre originally intended for Fechter, and that he has concluded an engagement with Mr. T. C. King, the popular Dublin manager. ..... H. J. Montague upon the occasion of his benefit at the Globe Theatre was presented by the employes of the stage with a handsome silver-mounted dressing-case bearing the following inscription: "Presented to H. J. Montague by the employes of the stage at the Globe Theatre, June 14, 1873." Miss Clive, formerly an artist's model, made her first appearance on any stage at the Queen's Theatre, on Saturday evening, June 21, acting Lady Constance in "King John." *The Daily Telegraph* thus reviews her performance:

"The numerous and critical assemblage gathered at the Queen's Theatre had manifestly been led to believe that a bright star of the first magnitude had suddenly been discovered. When expectations have been raised to such a perilous height, it is very seldom that the realities can be made to soar to the same altitude, and the event of the disappointment felt on Saturday evening is to be safely calculated as corresponding to the distance between the two points named. Miss Clive, whose choice of the character of Lady Constance in 'King John' is at once indicative of the period being passed when the youthful reprise of Shakespeare would be advantageously embodied, is a debutante in the fullest sense of the term. Miss Clive is not a lady of commanding stature and strongly expressive features, and this spectators at a distance lose much of the effect of her best touches, especially as her voice is not strong. This want of vocal force appears the greatest failing of the new actress; but much may be ascribed, perhaps, to the fatigue of rehearsals and the embarrassment of a strange position. Although at times her reading sadly betrays the lack of experience, her voice is musical, and her acting shows a great natural power and pathos. Her gestures are very easy and graceful, and her attainments in this respect are remarkable in the absence of professional practice. The great scene in the third act demanded incredible physical power that Miss Clive seems to have at command. Her reception was of the most cordial kind, and warm plaudits were frequently but not indiscreetly bestowed. If Miss Clive were at the commencement of a career in the profession she has something to build upon, but having come into the stage to allow her natural gifts to be more fully developed."

FREDERICK LEMAITRE'S (at one time the idol of the Parisian stage) present condition is thus described by a correspondent of *The London Times*, writing on June 23:

"Poor Lemaitre's is an often-told tale, but none the less sad. The man who was for so many years the darling of the public, and who might have lived well and yet laid by a handsome competency, finds himself in his old age a pensioner and almost a pauper. It transpired one morning that his poor bits of furniture were to be sold to pay the rent. A journal proclaimed it and cried shame and pity! The great Don Cæsar de Bazan, the inimitable Robert Macaire, the mere creak of whose snuff-box drew thundering applause from crowded houses, was about to be turned into the street. The shock of this intelligence roused Paris from its epicurean selfishness. A delay was obtained from the landlord, and a benefit was at once organized, the first actors and singers would joyfully add. It was to be held at the Grand Opera, with double prices. Janin seized his pen, playful and pungent as ever. 'I am charged with terror when I reflect that Frederic Lemaitre, that great comedian, is in the hands of the bailiffs!' Quite a gem was that *feuilleton* of Janin's in last Monday's *Debats*. It concluded thus:

"I possess a fine arm-chair, the arm-chair of Beranger, near time enough to her respectfully. It has those arms, M. Thiers, M. Mignet, M. Saint Marc Girardin—all the great and poetical poverty of our young days. Well, I would have given Beranger's arm-chair to this comedian despoiled of his furniture. I had never been able to understand the courageous agony and the intelligent prudence which bore up to the last under decent poverty, surrounded by honor and respect.

"A censure could hardly be more gently conveyed. But it is not when health has departed, and age and poverty have arrived, that the public will show or enjoy that so caring virtue would gracefully reproach him with the recklessness which has stranded him on the brink of the grave. He was to have taken his benefit to-night, but it has been unavoidably postponed. It may be expected soon to come off. Lemaitre himself will take no part in the performances. His voice and vigor have alike left him, and he is the mere wreck of his former self."

THERE WAS A DEARTH of novelty in the provincial towns.

KATE BATEMAN was fulfilling an engagement at the Lyceum.

A VERY SMALL ACTOR in a Parisian theatre lately achieved a great success by a very simple means. In a piece entitled "Les Cristophanes," now being played at the Chateau d'Eu, a little boy, almost a baby, appears on the stage for a short time. This performer has his admirers among the public, one of whom the other day expressed her approval of the tiny actor by throwing, not a bouquet, but a package of bonbons at his feet. The little creature, oblivious of the necessity of making responsive bows or of obeying stage directions, instantly sat down by the footlights and began to devour the delicacies, while the curtain falling behind him left him alone with the audience, who warmly appreciated the incident.

MUSICAL.

AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, Covent Garden, London, Eng., by command of the Queen, a state performance was given on June 21 in honor of the Shah of Persia. The programme included the second act of "Dinorah," with Adelina Patti in the last act of "Hamlet," with Mlle Albani. A Persian march, composed for the occasion by the Vianesi, and the second and third acts of "Faust," with Patti as Margherita.

CARL ROSA'S ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY will most probably give a brief season in London, Eng., prior to their provincial tour. If so they will produce the American opera of "The Doctor of Alcantara," in which a new American tenor, Mr. Quantrill, whose voice is considered phenomenal, will make his debut. The other chief members of the company are to be Mr. Castle, Mr. Davids, a new English soprano, Miss Isabel Agnes Cook, Mr. Stephens, a new English basso; Miss Rose Hersee, and Mme. Vaneri, an English lady, who will sing the heavier roles. Mme. Parepa Rosa will not sing during the season.

VARIETY HALLS.

THERE IS VERY LITTLE NOVELTY to report at the London, Eng., music halls. At the Royal, Henry Distin, the celebrated musical instrument maker, who had returned after a four years' residence on the Continent, received a benefit on June 17..... At the Cambridge, Rollin Howard and Matt Hughson were meeting with success. Bertha and Kate Foy, American performers, had made a successful debut. ..... Very little change had occurred at the other halls since our last report.

E. D. DAVIES the ventriloquist has made a sensation at the Music Hall, Liverpool, Eng., where he introduced for the first time in England some life-size figures. He was to have closed there June 28, and to have performed one week at Manchester, commencing the 30th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JACKSON HAINES, skater, was to have commenced a twelve nights' engagement at the theatre in the Royal Djur Park, Stockholm, Sweden, after which his season closes until September. Mr. Haines was very well received in Bergen, Norway, and this will be his seventh engagement in Stockholm, where he has played, altogether, one hundred and seventeen nights since 1866.

AMUSEMENTS.

MAGICAL BAZAAR.
GRAND NOVELTY ENTERTAINMENT.
MARK A. LEVY ..... Proprietors.
1,131 BROADWAY, New York.
CONJURING TRICKS
in great variety always on hand.
THE AUTOMATON ZOUAVE DRUMMER,
the only one in this country. Also the
ENCHANTED ROSE TREE.
Both of the above illusions to be sold at a great reduction.
SEND FOR PRICE LIST. 15-1t*

TO SPECULATORS.—A YOUNG
STAR ACTRESS, legitimate and sensational, an achowledged artiste, with a successful drama, posters, lithos, etc., wishes to meet a business man of means to enter into a sure speculation. No triflers need apply. Address J. T. BALTON, care of CLIPPER OFFICE. 15-1t*

THEATRE COMIQUE,
ELKHART, IND.,
will open
JULY 12.
WANTED.—VARIETY ARTISTS IN ALL BRANCHES;
ALSO MUSICIANS
that can play in
ORCHESTRA AND BAND.
Must be well up in
VARIETY BIZ.
This popular place is
Americans preferred.
Address GEO. M. COLE,
15-1t* Business Manager, Elkhart, Ind.

TRIMBLE'S
VARIETIES THEATRE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
R. GARDNER & TRIMBLE, LESSEES AND MANAGERS
H. W. WILLIAMS ..... STAGE-MANAGER
This popular place of amusement has just closed a successful season of 47 weeks; the
LONGEST SEASON EVER KNOWN TO PITTSBURGH.
Starting which we have presented each week more attractions than at any other house, and proved to the public and the profession that this is the only SOLID INSTITUTION in the city, firmly established and with a world-wide reputation, not a speculation, but an established fact. Salaries always paid when due, and no outstanding bills. First-class Performers and Stars, Combinations of all kinds, please make a note of this and negotiate for time during the coming Fall and Winter season, which commences early in August. Artists with Specialties and all others can now arrange a date. Write to the managers. WANTED—A SCENIC ARTIST.

EUREKA DRAMATIC VA-
RIETY AND EQUESTRIAN AGENCY, 636 Broadway,
And No. 9 AMITY STREET. Office hours from 8 till 11.
JOHN L. SAMPORD. JOHN WEAVER.

JENNIE CARROLL AND C. B.
BISHOP.—Tour season 1873 and '74. THOS. W. BROWN, Agent. WANTED, a man to play "Tuba and Bass Viol." Must be good and strictly temperate. Address
H. HENRY
15-1t* Box 128, Gowanda, N. Y.

BOWERY THEATRE.
WM. B. FRELIGH ..... Manager
MONDAY, JULY 7, 1873,
first production of a new and gorgeous Pantomime by the great
HERNANDEZ FOSTER
and a corps of superior Pantomime Artists, entitled
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK,
with new Scenes and a Transformation never equaled.
MR. BOBBY NEWCOMB,
the great Ethiopian Artist.
LITTLE FRANKIE, the Serio-comic Singer.
MASTER CAWTHORNE, in German Eccentricities.
E. C. MOORE, as Uncle Joe the Bootblack. Preceded by the glorious comedy of
THE WIFE'S SUSPICION.
In active preparation a new Sensational Drama, entitled
MARKED FOR LIFE. 15-1t

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
HARRY CLIFFORD.
MONDAY, JULY 7, 1873.
EVENING AT 8.
The celebrated actor,
MR. HARRY CLIFFORD,
in McCloskey's great sensational drama entitled
POMP.
POMP.
POMP.
AFTERNOON AT 2.
First time of the American translation,
MR. D. E. BRYANTON,
in the sensational drama in five acts, entitled,
WILD BILL.
WILD BILL.
WILD BILL.
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 14, MR. JOHN COLLINS.
MONDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 14,
15-1t MISS FLORENCE NOBLE

DALY'S FIFTH-AVENUE
THEATRE,
Twenty-eighth street, one door west of Broadway.
MR. AUGUSTIN DALY
begs to announce that his next regular season in New York with the favorite Fifth-avenue Comedy Company will commence about Oct. 13, 1873, in the
ENTIRELY NEW
and
MAGNIFICENT THEATRE
now in process of construction for him at the above central and fashionable locality. Previous to this date Mr. Daly has accepted invitations to visit Cincinnati, Buffalo, Philadelphia and Brooklyn with his entire company, and will begin a limited tour of these cities at Cincinnati, Monday evening, Sept. 1. 15-1t

DALY'S BROADWAY
THEATRE
(Late Fifth-avenue).
No. 728 and 730 Broadway.
This elegantly appointed theatre will open for the regular Fall and Winter season on Monday, August 25, for a series of first-class, star entertainments, beginning with Miss Aimee and her new and exclusive Opera Bouffe Company. To be succeeded in rapid succession by other superior and popular artists and combinations. 15-1t

OLYMPIC THEATRE,
GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
LAST NIGHTS OF THE SEASON.
GLORIOUS SUCCESS
of the gifted and accomplished actress,
MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON,
CIGARETTE, THE LITTLE LEOPARD OF FRANCE.
Grand battle scenes, gorgeous scenic effects, elegant costumes, appropriate music, exciting duels and combats, beautiful and charming tableaux, a full and complete cast of characters.
FAREWELL MATINEES
OF THE SEASON,
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT TWO P. M.
EVERY EVENING AT EIGHT.
Due notice will be given of the closing engagement, when will be presented for public favor a most supreme EUROPEAN NOVELTY COMBINATION, whose entertainment will exceed in brilliancy, elegance and most valuable appointments all others ever presented in this city. 15-1t

HOOLEY'S OPERA-HOUSE,
BROOKLYN.
OPEN ALL SUMMER. First appearance of
HUGH FAY AND
J. DEVERE.
J. H. Budworth, C. Rudolph, Smith and Waldron, Master Rodien, Madelein Hardy, Carlotte Petoli and several other first-class performers in
SPARKLING PROGRAMME.
Performers wishing summer engagements, apply. 1t*

HOOLEY'S OPERA-HOUSE,
BROOKLYN.
Managers and combinations can secure the above popular hall during the Summer by the week or month. For rent or sharing terms apply to
J. HOOLEY & GRIFFIN,
15-1t* Hooley's Opera-house.

BIG HIT
OF THE CHAMPION SONG-AND-DANCE CHILDREN,
MISS LITTIE AND MASTER GRELL,
AT HOOLEY'S OPERA-HOUSE, BROOKLYN.
New Songs and original Music. Good Wardrobe. For terms and dates address SANDFORD & WEAVER,
Eureka Dramatic Agency, 636 Broadway,
And 9 Amity street.

ACARD.—JAKEACKERS, WHO
claims to keep a first-class Varieties, but which is a mere saloon, engaged me for four weeks for my specialty only, and when I arrived, after paying $10 fare, he wanted me to play in
NEGRO ACTS.
I refused, and he discharged me, owing me two weeks' salary, and trying to scandalize me in every possible way. Respectfully, BLANCHE STANLEY,
Shelby's, Buffalo, N. Y.
Troy, N. Y., July 2, 1873. 15-1t*

TO AMATEURS.—PLAYS, WIGS, Beards, Colored Fires, Prepared Burnt Cork, &c., &c., for sale. Bridal Stamp. For price list to JAMES F. CROSSEN, 8 Lafayette place, New York. 15-13t*

MRS. H. P. GRATTAN
AND MISS VIOLA PLUNKETT
Can be addressed at 119 Waverly place, N. Y. 15-1t*

WANTED,
A FIRST-CLASS VARIETY TROUPE of about ten persons, for State Fair week, commencing Sept. 15. Parties from Chicago or St. Louis preferred. Address M. F. KAUFMANN,
15-3t Peoria, Ill.

ERSKINE'S
GREAT WESTERN THEATRE.
BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA.
Season begins Sept. 15 at Madison, Ind., and continues ten months certain. Artists of all kinds engaged. Ability always wanted. A first-class versatile leading Woman or soubrette wanted
FOR FEATURE.
MUST BE YOUNG AND ATTRACTIVE. Address
15-1t* C. R. ERSKINE, Box 192, Madison, Ind.

SONGS, BURLESQUES, LEC-
TURES, ESSAYS, FARCES, ACROSTICS and every form of literary matter written to order. Address for terms, inclosing stamp, WM. R. WATTS, 33 Amity st., N. Y. 1lt*

EDDIE NORWOOD,
THE POPULAR DUTCH COMEDIAN AND VOCALIST,
is at liberty to accept two or four weeks' engagement with responsible managers only. Good Wardrobe, Songs, etc. Address
Eureka Dramatic Agency, 636 Broadway,
And 9 Amity street.

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS, Etc.
THE LIVINGSTONE BROTHERS,
The celebrated Wyoming Valley Trick Brother Act, Good Leapers, Tumblers and Pad-ac Riders, Stilt Performers, &c. Fine Wardrobe. For terms and dates address SANDFORD & WEAVER, Eureka Dramatic Agency, 636 Broadway, and 9 Amity street.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
A first-class juvenile man and juvenile lady for a permanent Theatre; three low comedians, two waiking gentlemen and one female for the opening of two traveling companies; also, a first-class leading man for a permanent theatre. All of the above must have good wardrobes. Address SANDFORD & WEAVER,
Eureka Dramatic Agency, 636 Broadway,
And 9 Amity street.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
Original Sketches for two children; must have original songs and dances, and not more than twenty minutes only in representation. For variety theatre. Address
SANDFORD & WEAVER,
Eureka Dramatic Agency, 636 Broadway,
And 9 Amity street.

CHING-LOO,
The celebrated Chinese fire eater, juggler, &c., will be at liberty to accept short engagements after July 14, with his specialties. For terms and dates address
SANDFORD & WEAVER,
Eureka Dramatic Agency, No. 636 Broadway,
And 9 Amity street.

CARA.—A PROTEAN PLAY
in 4 acts, suitable for a lady star. ADDRESS MOMI,
15-1t* 3 Beekman st., N. Y.

WANTED,
FOR WILLIS & PURDY'S MINSTRELS,
FIVE FIRST-CLASS MUSICIANS
to play brass and string. Apply at once to
GREGS,
15-1t* No. 2 Amity st., N. Y.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
SIDE-SHOW CURIOSITIES, FAT WOMAN AND SMALL MAN.
Would like to hear from Sallie Grant.
Address S. M. JOHNSTON,
15-2t* Clinton, Henry County, Missouri.

TO MUSICIANS.—WANTED,
FOR WALLACE SISTERS' BURLESQUE AND COMEDY CO., a first-class Solo Tenor to double in orchestra; a first-class Solo Alto to double in orchestra; also, first-class Musicians on all instruments. Every member of the band is furnished with an elegant full FUSILIER UNIFORM free of charge, and one of the CELEBRATED LONDON RESSON'S BAND INSTRUMENTS, with the privilege of paying for the same by installments. Address
FRANK B. DOBSON,
Cliftwood Heights.
15-2t Keyport, N. J.

TO MANAGERS.
PROFESSOR HAVENS,
THE FAMED MAGICIAN
and
ILLUSIONIST,
IS OPEN FOR AN ENGAGEMENT
FOR THE FORTHCOMING SEASON
WITH A RESPECTABLE PARTY.
Address No. 13 Michigan Grand avenue,
15-1t* Detroit, Michigan.

PROF. BINDLEY,
The musical wonder, who plays on ten different instruments at his own very fine exhibition, and little prodigy (four years old) ROSEA BINDLEY, the infant drum major and serio-comic, Address Shelby's Comique, Buffalo, N. Y., until July 28. 15-1t*

SIDE-SHOW CANVAS
WANTED, Address immediately, Great Western Minstrels, Grafton, West Va. 15-1t*

MANAGERS, TAKE NOTICE.
The successful business and route agent, Mr. E. B. Brown, now general agent for Wagner & Co's Great Sensational Circus, will be at liberty after Sept. 1 for the Fall and Winter season. Has had ten years' experience. First-class recommendations furnished if required. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or no engagement. First-class managers only need apply. Address E. B. BROWN, care of CLIPPER Office. 15-1t*

J. B. ASHTON,
CHARACTER ACTOR, AND
LITTLE DORRIT, AGED FIVE YEARS,
Are now at liberty for Summer. Address
15-1t* No. 22 East Sixth street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MISS JENNIE SATTERLEE,
BURLESQUE, CHAMBERMAID AND CHARACTER ACTRESS, can be engaged for the season of 1873 and 74.
15-1t* COL. ALLSTON BROWN.

DESTINY.
THIS GREAT ATTRACTION FOR SALE.
Managers and Lady Stars should at once address
BARRETT SYLVESTER,
181 High street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. J. SNOWLES,
ADVANCE AGENT,
with
HOWE'S GREAT LONDON CIRCUS
and
SANGER'S ENGLISH MENAGERIE OF TRAINED ANIMALS.
Address during the touring season, care of James Reilley, Esq., 12 and 14 Spruce street, N. Y. Have no time to answer seven-cent drums or funny letters. 15-1t*

RONDOUT OPERA-HOUSE,
VARIETIES, RONDOUT, N. Y.—Wanted at all times, variety talent in all its branches.
Would like to hear from the
CLAIRE SISTERS.
Consider silence a negative, but write again.
15-1t* LEON WASHBURN, Proprietor.

MILNES LEVICK
as
EUGENE ARAM.
SEASONS OF 1873 AND '74.
"In point of construction 'Eugene Aram' is, I think, entitled to rank among the best of my fictions. Neither practice nor study has enabled me to surpass a work, written at a very early age, in skillful construction and patient development of plot."—Sir Ed. Lytton Bulwer's preface to "Eugene Aram." 15-1t

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS
disposed of his Irish Drama entitled
"—, OR BENEATH THE GIBBET,"
to Mr. James F. Sherry, manager of the New York Theatre. Any one using the title will be prosecuted according to law. Plays written to order. THOMAS L. KAHOE,
15-1t* No. 1,922 Harland street, Philadelphia.

WANT TO BUY A SECOND-
HAND PANORAMA OR SCIOPTICON AND SLIDES. Address immediately, Box 167, Logansport, Ind. 15-1t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
TO HEAR FROM
Miss Jennie Worrell, Harry Marshall, Edward Lafrican, Will C. Burton, Edward Holden, Gustave Weihelm and Fred. Linden.
CHARLEY SHAY,
15-1f Quincupieral troupe, 199 Bowery, N. Y.

MARIETTA RAVEL.
All business communications for the ABOVE ARTIST, should be addressed to M. W. HANLEY,
15-1t Care of N. Y. CLIPPER Office.

ALICE YANE,
SENSATION LEADING LADY
AND SINGING SOUBRETTE,
AND THE WONDERFUL
MAY THE FAY.
IN THEIR
UNRIVALED
SUCCESSES AND SPECIALTIES.
Should be addressed through JOHN TEMPLETON,
15-2t Comedian and Manager, 615 Broadway, N. Y.

MORTIMER'S VARIETIES.
S. W. COR. TENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.
JOSEPH M. MORTIMER ..... Proprietor
WM. J. GILMORE ..... Manager
This establishment is now undergoing extensive alterations and improvements and will reopen for the Fall and Winter season SATURDAY, AUG. 30, with a first-class variety company. First-class stars and combinations and performers of ability wishing two or four weeks during the season can now make dates by addressing the manager as above.
WANTED—A first-class BALLET MASTER for the season; also a full BALLET TROUPE. 15-1tf

MANAGERS, ATTENTION.
WANTED a company on a percentage or surety for four or six nights. CHAS. BENTON, Middletown, Ohio. 15-1t*

"THE LINGARD COMEDY
COMPANY."—Wanted, to commence Sept. 8, first-class musicians. Address Cromwell Cottage, Lake George, N. Y. 15-1t

1776. CENTENNIAL. 1876.
FOR SALE—Building and Lot S. W. corner Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia. Well adapted for THEATRE and HOTEL, CIRCUS, MUSEUM or MENAGERIE. Centrally located, with an area of 21,500 square feet. Accessible from all parts of the city by 12 passenger railroads. For plan and terms apply to HORACE FRITZ, Conveyancer, 713 Warren street, Philadelphia. 14-4t*

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
J. H. ETLY & CO. ..... Proprietors
THIRD STREET, between Walnut and Green sts.
SEATS 1,200 PEOPLE.
FIRST-CLASS VARIETY TALENT
wanted for the coming season.
Liberal terms made with Stars or combinations on certainty or shares. Address J. H. ETLY,
15-2t Manager.

ACCOMPLISHED AT LAST.
THE GREAT CONSTELLATION!
The management takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he has secured the services of the great and original PEAK FAMILY
B

TERMS:
Single copy, 10 cents. Per annum, $5.00 in advance.
To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents is allowed from each yearly subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British provinces, $1.00 per annum extra, to cover postage.
ADVERTISING under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.
Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.
Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news departments, 30 cents per line.
Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer, in advance.
FRANK QUEEN, Ed. and Proprietor.
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

FRONT-ST. THEATRE,
BALTIMORE.
COL. WILLIAM E. SINN ..... Sole Manager
SEASON
COMMENCES AUG. 25, 1873.
WANTED,
A FULL BALLET TROUPE
AND
A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY,
FOR THE
FALL AND WINTER SEASON.
VARIETY STARS,
SENSATION DRAMATIC STARS,
BURLESQUE COMPANIES,
Can fill in one or more weeks.
THE FRONT-ST. THEATRE
Has proven to be one of the
MOST SUCCESSFUL THEATRES SOUTH.
ALWAYS
CROWDED!
None but first-class talent wanted. Address as above.
WANTED, A SCENIC ARTIST for the season. After July 10, address to care of COL. T. A. BROWN,
15-3t No. 9 West 4th st., New York.

CLARK'S OPERA-HOUSE.
ELIZABETH, N. J.,
TO LET4
For dramatic performances,
CONCERTS, LECTURES, ETC.
THE ONLY OPERA-HOUSE IN THE CITY,
and which has received during the past season the patronage of ALL THE LEADING DRAMATIC and MINSTREL STARS IN THE COUNTRY.
Capacity of house, 900. Parquet and dress circle furnished with patent OPERA CHAIRS, stage supplied with four large dressing-rooms, full and complete sets of SCENERY, and EVERY ACCESSORY for general stage management. Its acoustic properties are unexcelled.
Liberal inducements offered to managers desirous of renting for a series of performances. Rent low; or will be leased to a responsible party. For particulars address
AMOS CLARK, Jr., Proprietor,
13-13t* Elizabeth, N. J.

ISAAC CURTIS DISENGAGED.
House, press and advance agent, business manager, or leading heavy business. Fine wardrobe. Address Boylston Station, Mass., or COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN. 13-3t*

NEW OPERA-HOUSE,
AT SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.
A. HILDENBERGER ..... Proprietor
Population of town, 15,000. Will seat 1,200; is well ventilated and well lighted by 127 gas jets; fine stage, scenery and drop curtain; the dressing-rooms, thirteen in number, are large, conveniently arranged, and handsomely furnished. For terms apply to or address
H. HILDENBERGER, P. O. Box 56,
13-13t* South Bethlehem, Northampton Co., Pa.

ROWSE'S HALL,
BUCYRUS, OHIO,
has been refitted at a large expense. Good scenery, gas footlights, and convenient dressing-rooms. Seats 500. Population 5,000. H. & W. ROWSE,
11-6t* Proprietors.

SIXTH ANNUAL TOUR.
GILBERT SISTERS' DRAMATIC COMPANY AND SILVER CORNET BAND. WANTED, FOR THE SEASON OF 1873-4, TO TRAVEL THROUGH THE SOUTHERN STATES, a Dashing Leading Man, a good Old Man, Juvenile Man, Walking Gent, Heavy Man, four Responsible Utility Men, Leader of Orchestra, Good Working Agent of experience, a good Stage-manager, who can play one of the above named lines of business. Season to commence on or about the first of September, and lasting 40 weeks. Parties misrepresenting themselves will NOT be retained. Must be good dressers and SOBER. Liberal salaries paid to artists. Salary Sure. Board and R. R. fares paid by the manager. J. V. GILBERT, Manager, McMinnville, Tenn. 13-3t*

MAGICAL MANUFACTORY.—
Variety of very elegant illusions always on hand; also our revised edition of Wizard's Wonderful Cabinet—contains Wizard's Opening Speech; Apparatus and Full Instructions for Ten Tricks; 45c. Also No. 2, containing five, 25c. Davenport Rope Trick, 7c. Mailed free. Inclose stamp for illustrated catalogues. W. J. JUDD, 131 Henry st., N. Y. 13-13t*

MISS SALLIE E. HUNTER,
Leading Juvenile Lady, will be at liberty after Aug. 1 to engage for Fall and Winter season. Apply to
COL. T. A. BROWN, 9 West 4th st., N. Y. City,
13-4t or to P. O. Box 97, Savannah, Ga.

WILLIAMSTOWN PUBLIC HALL, Williamstown, Dauphin Co., Pa. Size of hall, 25x66 feet. Two dressing-rooms, scenery and footlights complete. Good show town. Address
15-15t* E. B. NOVIOCK, Proprietor and Manager.

GRAND CENTRAL
VARIETY THEATRE,
WALNUT STREET, ABOVE 8th,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
J. M. MORTIMER & CO. ..... Proprietor
J. M. MORTIMER ..... Manager
THE REGULAR SEASON
WILL COMMENCE AUG. 25, 1873.
VARIETY ARTISTS
IN ALL BRANCHES,
SENSATION STARS
AND COMBINATIONS
HAVING OPEN DATES
for the coming season will please address as above.
Would like to hear from all
FIRST-CLASS BALLET LADIES. 12-9t

CHANDLER'S OPERA-HOUSE
MACOMB, ILL. The above magnificent opera-house, just completed at a cost of over $30,000, is now open for public amusements. Has large stage, four convenient dressing-rooms, ten sets of scenery, foot and border lights, set pieces and all modern improvements. Finest opera-house in central Illinois. Parties visiting Quincy, Peoria, or Galesburg will do well to make a note of this. Address C. V. CHANDLER, Proprietor, Macomb, Ill. 13-13t

ELEGANT CHEAP PARLOR ELEGANT DRAW-BOX BIRD-CAGE TRICK. MAGIC QUADDY, ONE TRICK BOX AND PERFORMING TABLE. Send stamp to C. MELVIN, JR., Stoneham, Mass. 13-3t*

M. RASTATTER'S NEW CONCERT HALL, ELMIRA, N. Y.—STARRING PERFORMERS WANTED. Write for engagement, stating lowest salaries and what terms you wish. Answer as above to Box 1,440 P. O. 13-4t*

GRISWOLD
NEW OPERA-HOUSE,
TROY, N. Y.
The only Opera-house in the City. This is not an old HALL in third story, fixed over and called an OPERA-HOUSE. SEATING CAPACITY 1,450.
Orchestra chairs 300; parquet 300; dress circle 400, gallery 450; with all the modern improvements of a first-class THEATRE. Prepared to play parties on sharing terms or will lease by nights. SEE DIAGRAM at Col T. Allston Brown's, No. 9 West Fourth st., N. Y. Arrangements can be made with Col. T. A. Brown, or by addressing me at Troy, N. Y. W. D. VAN ARNUM,
6-13t* Proprietor.

SIGNOR GIULO CAN BE ENGAGED as solo violinist in a concert troupe or first class minstrel company. Can play brass and imitate the following instruments: Bazaphes, hurdy-gurdy, flute, fife, silver chimes and oboe. Address as above, 409 Elk street, Buffalo, N. Y. 12-6t*

STEREOSCOPIC SHOWS.
I have on hand new patent revolving Stereoscopes with two or four pair of lenses, showing 24 and 48 views. Light and well-made, with stand and views all complete. Price $45 and $75. Parties can make $10 a day with this show. All kinds of Stereoscopic Shows made to order. JAMES LEE,
12-6t* New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

PROF. G. SCHAEFFNER, with his brilliant Dissolving Pictures, is open for an engagement. Address 1,620 Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. 12-6t*

TO MANAGERS.
Ned Buntline's immense successful play, "THE PRAIRIE SCOUTS," and the new drama of border life, "TEXAS JACK," will be produced with the real heroes, and a fresh corps of Indian braves, fresh from the Plains, during the Fall and Winter season, in the United States, prior to an extended European tour. BUFFALO BILL, TEXAS JACK, NED BUNTLINE, and a corps of the first actors and actresses in America, fill the various roles.
Send dates and offers at once to
COL. E. Z. C. JUDSON,
12-6t* Box 4,826 New York City.

SECOND-HAND SCENERY
FOR SALE.
A large lot of mounted and unmounted scenes, wings, borders, set, wheels and gas-pipe. May be seen at 8 Lafayette pl., N. Y. Address L. W. SEAVEY. 11-14t

RICHMOND THEATRE,
RICHMOND, VA.
Managers of first-class combinations wanting time for the season of 1873-74 upon shares, rental or for a certainty, will please address
9-8t* W. T. POWELL, Manager, Richmond, Va.

OTTO'S HALL,
(BEST IN THE CITY),
MOLINE, ROCK ISLAND CO., ILL.
Stage, 34x80ft.; large dressing-rooms; every convenience; full set of scenery; hall on ground floor, and will comfortably seat 700 people. For rent low. Address WM. G. MORRIS, Agent. CLIPPER kept on file. 11-13t*

BUTTERFIELD HOUSE,
Genesee st., UTICA, N. Y. The best house for the praiesmen in Central N. Y. Baggage carried to and from the depot and the Opera-house free of charge.
OSCAR R. STONE, & Co., Proprietors.
OSCAR R. STONE & Co.,
6-13t Proprietors Utica Transfer Co.

MAGICAL MANUFACTORY,
580 BROADWAY, NEAR 136th ST., N. Y.
M. HARTZ has now on hand the greatest wonders in the world for the Profession or Amateurs. Send stamp for a price list. A 120-page magnificent illustrated Catalogue will soon be ready, price 25 cts. 13-tf

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, 648
BROADWAY, CORNER BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK.—Good, single Rooms $1 per day. Hotel reconstructed and newly furnished. All Broadway stages pass this Hotel. [1-18]* GEO. S. & L. LELAND.

NATIONAL HALL,
MARKET ST., BETWEEN 12TH AND 13TH ST.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
TO RENT BY THE DAY OR WEEK.
WILL SEAT 3,000 PERSONS.
6-13t* H. B. PRENTZEL, office at the Hall.

BRANT'S HALL,
HARRISBURG, PA.
TO RENT BY THE NIGHT OR WEEK, from June 15 to August 15. The best and largest stage of any HALL in the CITY. Address W. BOSTICK, Agent,
10-8t Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, Pa.

STAGE DANCING.
Ladies instructed for the Ballet, also for Premiere Dancers. Hours, 10 to 5. ANGELA SEFTON,
13-3t* 26 Fourth avenue, N. Y., opposite Cooper Institute.

GEO. W. DAYTON & CO.,
SCENIC ARTISTS,
Paint rooms, 226 and 228 6th st., N. Y.
SCENERY, PANORAMAS AND ALL KINDS OF SHOW PAINTING. SCENERY TO HIRE. 8-13t*

CLARISSA HALL,
INDIANA, PA.
Bran new stage, scenery, lights, dressing-rooms, &c. Seats 600. Population, 4,000. Hall connected with hotel.
10-6t* Address INDIANA HOUSE.

FOR LEASE,
FOR ONE OR MORE YEARS,
MOZART HALL,
CINCINNATI, O.
This elegant and well-known place of amusement will be leased to a responsible party, for one or more years. Contains Parquet, Dress Circle and Gallery, with seating capacity of about 2,500 persons. Stage 65 by 77 feet, well supplied with scenery, traps and dressing-rooms. Hall well ventilated, lighted and heated by steam. Exits sufficient and commodious, location central and within easy reach of all street-car lines. None but responsible applications will be considered. Please address
10-6t* H. A. THEISSEN, Agent.

AMPHITHEATRE,
CHICAGO, ILL.
SEATS COMFORTABLY 2000.
STANDING ROOM FOR 3000.
BEST LOCATION IN CHICAGO.
Tony Pastor played several weeks in this house last season to all the house could hold, and comes again this summer. ELEGANT CHAIRS THROUGHOUT ORCHESTRA AND DRESS CIRCLE, SPLENDID STAGE, GOOD SCENERY. Everything appropriate for Combinations, Minstrels, Musical or Dramatic entertainments. Will share or rent at reasonable rates.
Address C. R. GARDINER,
Academy of Music, Chicago,
3-13t* also Manager Grand Opera-house, Milwaukee.

"UNICUS,"
AUTHOR OF EVENING THOUGHTS
and other dramatic works, writes for the stage, as per agreement. Address 3478, Clark st., r. 3, Chicago, Ill. [4-13t]*

SMITH'S OPERA-HOUSE,
PLYMOUTH, LUZERNE CO., PA. Has a Large Stage, Scenery, Drop-Curtain, Dressing-Rooms, &c. Seats 1,200. Population 10,000. Good Show Town. For dates and terms address JOHN B. SMITH & SON, Prop'rs. 13-3t*

GRISWOLD'S HALL!
The largest public hall in the place, well ventilated, lighted with gas, raised seats. Large Stage; Dressing-rooms, Ticket-office, etc. Terms reasonable. Address
9-12t S. H. GRISWOLD, Whitehall, N. Y.

MR. ALF.
BURNETT,
AMERICA'S GREATEST FACIAL ARTIST,
assisted by MISS HELEN NASH and J. W. SHARPLEY, can be secured by
FIRST-CLASS MANAGERS
FOR LONG OR BRIEF ENGAGEMENTS.
MR. BURNETT will be in New York, July 15. Address GEO. B. HUDSON, Agent,
15-1t* Care of CLIPPER OFFICE, New York.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
BLANCHE STANLEY

The most important feature the past week was Blanche Stanley in her serio-comic songs.—CLIPPER.
JUNE 28, ACKER'S, TROY, N. Y.
BLANCHE STANLEY, in her NEW SERIO-COMIC SONGS, is the FEATURE OF THE ENTERTAINMENT. She has a splendid voice and sings very finely.—TROY WHIG.
Blanche Stanley, a handsome serio-comic and character vocalist, opened the 16th, and was well received. She sang "Darling Bessie" and "Blue-Eyed Nellie" very sweetly and was deservedly encored. Her character songs were also excellently rendered, and she is destined to become a great favorite.—SPORTING TIMES.
Blanche Stanley's songs are very attractive.—TROY BUDGET, JUNE 30. 15-1t*

JIG, CLOG AND BREAKDOWN DANCING MADE EASY.

With Sketches of noted Jig Dancers (illustrated). Sent prepaid on receipt of 50 cents.
ED. JAMES,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York city.

RED AND GREEN FIRES,
FOR USE IN THEATRES, Tableaux and Torchlight Processions. The attention of the profession and others is called to our perfected Red and Green Fires, which are acknowledged to be the best in the world. They will always burn with the most vivid and intense reflections. No unpleasant odors are produced when burning, and the low prices at which they are sold place them beyond competition. Can be sent safely to any part of the country. Send stamp for price list and address all orders to JOSEPH T. BROWN & CO.,
11-8t 292 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

"I. O. U."
J. HOLMES GROVER,
1,702 NORTH TWENTY-SECOND ST.,
13-3t Philadelphia, Pa.

A CARD.
MR. GEORGE A. FLORANCE,
THE WELL-KNOWN LEADER,
would most respectfully inform the tourist and profession in general that he has opened a first-class
SUMMER HOTEL,
situated on Martha's Vineyard, commanding an excellent water view and unsurpassable facilities for hunting, boating and fishing. For Summer recreation and retirement the Artist will find it complete. The arrangements de cuisine are ably superintended by MRS. FLORANCE.
Having purchased five hundred of the most desirable
COTTAGE LOTS
on this beautiful isle of the sea for Summer Residences, I would most respectfully solicit the attention of those in the profession who propose to furnish themselves a home by the sea. Terms easy.
The Portland steamers leave Pier 38, East River, New York City, for this place every Monday and Thursday, at 4 P. M. Distance 18 hours' sail.
GEORGE A. FLORANCE, Proprietor,
14-4t* Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

MR. JACKSON HAINES,
SOLO
SKATE DANCER,
IS IN
SWEDEN.
ENGAGED IN THE THEATRE
in the
ROYAL DEER PARK,
STOCKHOLM,
FROM JULY 4,
FOR TWELVE NIGHTS. 15-2t

NEW ASSEMBLY HALL,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
The LARGEST HALL in the city. One Thousand Chairs, First-class Seats. Centrally located. Recently arranged for Theatrical Performances or Concerts. Scenery all new, with beautiful carpet. Hall very popular, and has been used by Nilsson, The Thomas, Ole Bull, Joe Jefferson, &c., &c. All the above artists speak highly of its Excellent Accoustic Qualities. For particulars address
11-8t* F. BINFORD, 837 Main Street.

VIRGINIA HALL,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
The most popular house in the city. The stage has been enlarged to 34 feet deep and 50 feet wide, dressing-rooms conveniently arranged. Entirely new scenery will be added (size 21x15 feet) and seating capacity increased for season of 1873 and '74. Will be rented for first-class entertainments only. Address Proprietor of Virginia Hall, Richmond, Va. 6-13t*

FIRST-CLASS STAR COMBINATIONS may apply for time after the closing of the
REGULAR SEASON, JUNE 1ST, 1873.
12-1f MRS. F. B. CONWAY, Brooklyn Theatre, N. Y.

SCHROEDER'S
OPERA-HOUSE,
MAIN STREET, East of Court House,
BLOOMINGTON, ILLS.
DIMENSIONS:
Extreme measurement, 65 feet by 130 feet; Auditorium, 44 feet by 75 feet; height, 30 feet; stage, 36 feet by 44 feet; drop curtain, 28 feet by 18 feet; three good dressing-rooms; four private boxes; seating capacity of Hall, 800; well ventilated and lighted; the stage contains ten different sets of scenery and the house is one of the finest in the West. It is to rent to FIRST-CLASS ENTERTAINMENTS of all kinds on reasonable terms.
Price of Opera-house, for one night, $25; three nights, $60; one week, $100. Address for full particulars,
WM. VAN SCHROEK,
Manager Opera-house.
REFERENCES: Joe Jefferson, Anna Bishop, E. A. Sothern, Lina Weber's Burlesque Troupe, Wallace Sisters, Joe Murphy, Peak Family Bellringers. 13-13t

CRAMER'S OPERA-HOUSE,
ST. PETERSBURG, PA.
This elegant new opera-house has just been completed at a cost of $20,000, and has all the modern conveniences of a first-class theatre. Seating capacity, 800. Prices of admission are as follows: Orchestra chairs, $1; parquet, 75c, and gallery, 50c. For particulars address CHAS. H. CRAMER, Prop., St. Petersburg, Clarion Co., Pa. [9-13t*

PIKE'S NEW OPERA-HOUSE,
CALAIS, MAINE.
Open for Dramatics, Lectures, Concerts, Panoramas and other first-class Amusements. This house has all the necessary scenery, with footlights, orchestra, anterooms and nice dressing-rooms. Stage 30x24 feet. Gallery extends all round. House lighted with gas, and seating capacity greater than any other house on the river. For further particulars address W. W. PIKE, Proprietor. 9-13t*

HENRY A. THOMAS,
REMOVAL
80 BLEECKER ST., NEAR BROADWAY.
ARTISTIC LITHOGRAPHER.
President of the American Chromo Co.
THEATRICAL, CIRCUS AND SHOW LITHOGRAPHY AND PRINTING.
Portraits, Showcards, Posters, Chromos, Crayon Cartes de Visite, and Crayon Imperials. Orders for above specialties executed at short notice and reasonable prices in the highest style of the lithographic art. CHROMOS FOR PREMIUMS constantly on hand. 12-6t

GROVE HOUSE,
172, 174, 176 AND 178 BLEECKER STREET.
Fine Rooms with excellent Board, $6 to $10 per week; $1 50 per day. Breakfast, 5 to 10. Large, shady Yards, Croquet Ground. Coolest house in the city. 5-26t*

MR. AND MRS. CHANFRAU.
The engagements of these distinguished artists for the succeeding season already cover the principal portion of the theatrical year, and include nearly all of the leading theatres. Managers desiring to secure either are invited to address the undersigned.
The present season has proven for MR. FRANK CHANFRAU one of red-letter brilliancy; in several instances its prosperity is without parallel in the annals of our experience. His list of plays will include two fresh attractions.
MRS. F. S. CHANFRAU'S season has also been a very fortunate one, and establishes her among the most esteemed and attractive of first-class stars. Her repertoire for next season will include, in addition to her admirable specialties, a powerful dramatization of Wilkie Collins'
NEW MAGDALEN,
a new emotional drama, and Barrie Campbell's comedy-drama of PERIL. C. W. TAYLEURE,
48 New York avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.
Box 5,181, P. O., New York. 10-4t

632 BROADWAY. 632
TO LET.
FINELY
FURNISHED ROOMS
FOR
GENTLEMEN.
APPLY TO
9-1f GEO. H. TYLER, Olympic Theatre.

ELKS,
LITTLE HOUSE AROUND THE CORNER,
AT HOME DAY AND NIGHT.
WINE AND CLUB ROOMS,
2 AMITY STREET,
one door west of Broadway.
ED. COFFEE, Asst. [7-13t*] GREG

CARD.
THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN CIRCUIT.
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, Mo.
BEN DE BAR ..... Proprietor
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, MEMPHIS, TENN.,
W. B. GREENLAW, JR. ..... Proprietor
THOS. JAVIER ..... Manager
BEN DE BAR ..... Business Agent
ST. CHARLES THEATRE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
BEN DE BAR ..... Proprietor
AND
THEATRE ROYAL, MONTREAL, CANADA.
Proprietress ..... MRS. J. W. BUCKLAND
Manager ..... BEN DE BAR
ALL STARS wishing to play through the Circuit or Stock Engagements, address BEN DE BAR,
COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, Agent,
7-13t* 9 West 4th st., New York.

ERIN A-CHORRA,
or
IRISH HEARTS AND IRISH HOMES
MR. J. J. WALLACE ..... as ..... GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN
WOOD'S MUSEUM, JULY 21.
COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, Agent,
10-8t* 9 West Fourth street.

ROBINS' OPERA-HOUSE,
Main st., between Third and Fourth sts.,
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.
The above OPERA-HOUSE, having just been completed at a cost of about $50,000, is now open for PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS. It is the most capacious and only theatre in the State. Will seat comfortably, in dress circle, parquet and gallery, 1,800 persons. The stage is 32x60 feet, being complete with traps and in every respect a first-class stage. There are seven commodious dressing-rooms. The decorations are neat and tasty. There are eight sets of new and beautiful scenery, with an elegant drop-curtain, acknowledged to be the handsomest in the State and one of the handsomest in the West; all brilliantly illuminated with gas. Hall second to none in the country for sound. The above OPERA-HOUSE may be rented by the day, week or longer for all first-class and respectable entertainments. For any information concerning terms address the undersigned, stating character of the entertainment.
ROBINS & MOORE, Owners and Proprietors.
The CITY OF LITTLE ROCK has a population of 26,000, and a large transient travel. Is accessible in one day's time—either from St. Louis, by the Cairo and Fulton R. R., or from Memphis, by the Memphis and Little Rock R. R. 7-13t

RHOAD'S HALL,
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.
County seat. Population, 6,000. Size, 30x80. Seating capacity, about 600. Stage, 15x30. Scenery, drop curtain, Ticket office, &c. All lighted with gas. Address
14-4t* C. B. RHOADS, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

NOTE
TO THE
PROFESSION.
FACTS
ARE STUBORN THINGS.
THE PAST
VERSUS
THE PRESENT.

As an act of simple justice to one who is about to start life anew, in a business in which all members of the Profession are more or less interested, I would most respectfully beg leave to state, that during my early experience in show life I found it UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE to obtain from the

LEDGER JOB OFFICE OF PHILADELPHIA,

Anything that was NEW, NOVEL, or even CREDITABLE in the way of

CUTS OR POSTERS.

It was not until after

J. E. JACKSON'S

connection with that Establishment, that a change came "o'er the Spirit of their dream," and it BEGAN TO ASSUME a PROMINENCE that has since developed into

A WORLD-WIDE AND ENVIABLE REPUTATION.

MR. JACKSON has labored earnestly FOR YEARS to supply the wants of every branch of the Profession with novelties in advertising, and the present acknowledged superiority of the work of

THE
LEDGER JOB OFFICE
IS DUE TO HIS
THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL
KNOWLEDGE OF HIS BUSINESS

And his unceasing efforts to aid the Profession by his valuable services.
There are hundreds who will come forward to-day and testify to the above facts, and he has

OUR HEARTY WISHES,

And we doubt not those of

ALL OTHERS IN THE PROFESSION FOR HIS SUCCESS IN HIS NEW ENTERPRISE.

We shall send him all OUR WORK, and trust his INNUMERABLE FRIENDS will manifest the same interest in his welfare.

Let one and all extend a helping hand to

JACKSON,
THE
SHOWMAN'S FRIEND,
AND THE
PIONEER
OF NOVEL
PICTORIAL
PRINTING.
AGAIN I SAY
SUCCESS TO
JACKSON'S
PRINTING HOUSE.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot And never brought to mind?"

FRANK B. DOBSON,
Manager
Wallace Sisters'
BURLESQUE AND COMEDY TROUPE.

EQUESTRIAN AND THEATRICAL
TIGHTS, SHIRTS, TRUNKS, CAPS, PADS, LONG AND KNEE HOSE,
HARLEQUIN, CLOWN, AND MONKEY SUITS.
Every Size and Color Always Ready
to send C. O. D., to any part of the States.
Send Stamp for Price List to the
DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS,
UNION ADAMS & CO.,
NO. 637 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. 14-4t

J. BRUCE,
SHOW PAINTER,
600 BROADWAY, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED OVER 25 YEARS.
15-1t*

ESTABLISHED IN 1823.
THE OLDEST
THEATRICAL AND EQUESTRIAN HOSIERY HOUSE
IN THE COUNTRY, AND
THE CHEAPEST!!
SEND YOUR ORDERS FOR
SHIRTS, TIGHTS, LONG HOSE, PADS, MONKEY SUITS, ETC., TO
VAN DERLIP & TAYLOR,
No. 96 BOWERY.
SYMMETRICAL, PATTERNED AND SPANGLED SUITS TO ORDER.
SEND STAMP FOR PRICE LIST. 15-1t*

TUCKER BROS.,
SHOW PAINTINGS
600 BROADWAY, N. Y.
15-1t*

NO CHARGE

For engraving to order, when large quantities of printing are desired; CUTS for copyright Plays, Panoramas, Negro Minstrels, Magicians, Opera Singers and other specialties. All kinds of show printing much less than the usual rates. T. R. DAWLEY, Prest. Great American Engraving and Printing Co., No. 31 Beekman street, New York. 11-7t*

HARRY ROBINSON'S

MINSTRELS.
THE MAN WITH THE SILVER HORNS,
Will start early in the Fall with the
LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED ARRAY OF PERFORMERS
EVER BROUGHT TOGETHER IN ANY MINSTREL ORGANIZATION.
WANTED—A Musician that can play the Glockenspiel in the Band.
WANTED also a Clarionet player. Must play brass. Address 120 E. Railroad street, Syracuse, N. Y.
E. M. GOTTHOLD, General Agent.
HARRY ROBINSON,
15-1t* Sole Proprietor.

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
CHICAGO.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN engaged at this theatre for the coming season will report themselves in Chicago by AUGUST 1, to prepare for the opening at an early day thereafter.
15-3t* J. H. McVICKER.

E. G. BROWNE,
TREASURER.
TONY PASTOR'S TROUPE.
FOURTH SEASON.
DISENGAGED
IN SEPTEMBER.
ADDRESS
CARE OF CLIPPER OFFICE. 14-3t

THE CELEBRATED
ORRIN BROTHERS AND MLLE. LUCIA.

The wonderful Acrobats and Gymnasts, now with G. F. Bailey's Great Show. Then go to Cuba for the Winter season, with the Gran Circo Espanol, and can be engaged after April 1, 1874. All letters care of CLIPPER office.
11-4t3m*

CHARLEY SHAY'S
COLOSSAL TRAVELING COMPANY
FOURTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR, WILL START ON ITS MONDAY, SEPT. 1, 1873,
WITH THE LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED ARRAY OF STAR PERFORMERS EVER BROUGHT TOGETHER IN ONE VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT IN THIS OR ANY OTHER COUNTRY.
WANTED, 12 FIRST-CLASS MUSICIANS, 2 E flat Cornets, 2 B flat Cornets, 1 Solo Alto, 3 E flat Altos, 2 Tenors, 1 Trombone, 1 Tuba. All must play in Orchestra. Will be furnished with a full dress
GRENADIER BRASS-BAND UNIFORM.
WANTED, 2 FIRST-CLASS SONG-AND-DANCE PERFORMERS. Good steady engagement, but must be of the best. None others need apply. Address immediately,
14-tf CHARLEY SHAY,
199 Bowery, N. Y.

FOR SALE OR LEASE,
THE NATIONAL THEATRE,
SYCAMORE STREET,
between Third and Fourth streets,
CINCINNATI, O.
Or if not sold or leased, it will be
RENTED BY THE MONTH OR WEEK
to responsible parties on liberal terms.
This theatre has recently been refitted and furnished, and is in good repair; it will accommodate from 2,500 to 3,000 people, and during the Exposition can be filled every night, with proper attractions. As there are none of the heirs prepared to buy this theatre, I will lease it perpetually or sell it on twenty years' time. Address
A. H. SMITH, Executor,
No. 114 Dayton street, Cincinnati, O.,
14-4t* or WM. J. HARKER, Agent, 93 Sycamore st.

TO MANAGERS.
MR. CHAS. E. NEWTON,
the popular DRAMATIST AND ACTOR, supported by the charming EMOTIONAL ARTISTE,
MISS ALICE DESTIN
is now prepared to arrange time for the season of 1873-4. Repertoire consists of a powerful drama in 5 acts entitled
ADRIFT ON THE WORLD.
SULLIGHT AND SHADE,
an original emotional drama in 4 acts. A brilliant society comedy, together with other attractive plays. A fine assortment of printing and framed pictures.
Should be pleased to hear from Western managers.
14-4t* Address P. O., MATAWAN, N. J.

THEATRE COMIQUE,
FORMERLY
DE BAR'S OPERA HOUSE,
PINE STREET,
BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH STREETS,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
This beautiful theatre, the largest in the city, (seating capacity 1,800 persons), will open as a first-class Variety Theatre August 30, 1873, with the largest and most powerful combination of the best TALENT in the profession. Artists of known ability negotiated with on liberal terms at all times. Address W. C. MITCHELL,
12-5t* Manager.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
LEDGER
JOB
PRINTING
OFFICE,
S. W. CORNER SIXTH AND CHESTNUT STS.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. J. E. Jackson having retired from the management of this establishment, the undersigned, who has been directly connected with the office for twenty-eight years, has been appointed to succeed him. The experience and knowledge thus gained will warrant its continued efficient management, and give to our patrons generally the assurance of a satisfactory dispatch of business.

FIRST-CLASS
THEATRICAL,
MINSTREL,
AND
VARIETY
SHOW
PRINTING
IS WITH THIS OFFICE
A SPECIALTY.

We have decided to allow a discount of 10 per cent. for CASH, from Price List and Specimen-book rates, on all orders from our stock and special cuts, amounting to $5 and upwards.
Copies of our new Price List and Calendar sent by mail, FREE OF CHARGE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
We would respectfully inform managers and members of the
THEATRICAL, VARIETY AND MINSTREL
Profession that our
STOCK & SPECIAL CUTS
CAN ONLY
BE PURCHASED AT THE
LEDGER JOB OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA;
COL. T. A. BROWN'S, NEW YORK;
AND
GEORGE S. THURBER'S, CHICAGO.

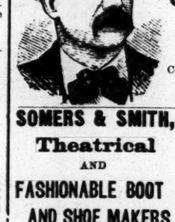
We are now printing NEW STREAMER LETTERS, one sheet, and half sheet in two colors, which we offer at REDUCED RATES. Address all orders to

J. H. ALEXANDER,
Business Manager,
14-3t LEDGER JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

WIGS! WIGS!
LADIES and GENTLEMEN connected with the STAGE would do well to examine the extensive stock of
SCHMIDT & FOOTNER'S
THEATRICAL WIGS, 745 BROADWAY, N. Y.
Their experience of 25 years, both in EUROPE and the UNITED STATES, enables them to execute all orders with promptness at far less cost than any other establishment. GENTLEMEN'S CHARACTER WIGS from $4.50.
LADIES' BLONDE WIGS A SPECIALTY.
5-13t* GOOD SENT C. O. D.

NEW STOCK CUTS
NOW IN PROCESS OF COMPLETION.
N. B. Address all communications to
J. E. JACKSON,
No. 2,026 FITZWATER STREET, PHILADELPHIA, until July 15; after that date to No. 112 SOUTH EIGHTH ST., PHILADELPHIA. Col. T. ALLSTON BROWN, No. 9 West Fourth street; and MORRIS SIMMONDS, No. 609 Broadway, New York, are authorized to receive orders for me. 13-4t*

TOM WARFIELD,



BANJOIST
AND
COMEDIAN
ADDRESS
REVERE HOUSE,
Corner of Houston street and Broadway,
14-2t* NEW YORK.

SOMERS & SMITH,
Theatrical
AND
FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS,
278 BOWERY, 278
NEW YORK.
STYLE, FIT, ECONOMY.
13-1t Orders sent C. O. D.

THEATRICAL
DRY GOODS STORE.
W. DALTAN'S.
ESTABLISHED IN 1862.
No. 280 BOWERY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET, N. Y.
Has constantly on hand a full line of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Tartatans, Ribbons, Laces, Spangles, gold and silver Trimmings, Fringes, silk and cotton Shirts and Tights, and all materials necessary for costumes and evening dresses. Goods sent to any part of the U. S. C. O. D. 6-13t*

WIGS! WIGS!! WIGS!!!
The constant increase in our line of business proves our superiority. We are furnishing the metropolitan theatres, private theatricals, and the leading artists in the theatrical world.
WIGS of every description, from the most ordinary kind to the finest, constantly on hand and to order.
Address, with stamp, MEYER & HELMER, 337 Broome st., cor. Bowery, and 308 Sixth ave., near 24th st. 14-13t*

LATEST COMIC SONGS.
Crime, Little German Band, Courting in the Rain, Starry Night for a Ramble, Dolly Dot, Little Dickey Birds, Number Dree, Kiss Behind the Door, Strolling on the Sands, Mother Says I Mustn't, Awfully Clever, Ten Thousand Miles Away, That's Where You Make a Mistake, Ven My Band Plays, Military Style, Bold Fisherman, Rocherem, Walking in the Rain, Man That I Adore, Remembrance of Home, or Home Once More. Mygel Snyder's Party, Don't Give the Name a Bad Place, Down in a Coal Mine, Good Bye Charley, Crime, Gus Williams' Thomas' Machine. Sent post-paid. Price 20 cents each. WHITE & GOULLAUD, 86 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. 12-4t*

FOR SALE OR LEASE,
THE NATIONAL THEATRE,
SYCAMORE STREET,
between Third and Fourth streets,
CINCINNATI, O.
Or if not sold or leased, it will be
RENTED BY THE MONTH OR WEEK
to responsible parties on liberal terms.
This theatre has recently been refitted and furnished, and is in good repair; it will accommodate from 2,500 to 3,000 people, and during the Exposition can be filled every night, with proper attractions. As there are none of the heirs prepared to buy this theatre, I will lease it perpetually or sell it on twenty years' time. Address
A. H. SMITH, Executor,
No. 114 Dayton street, Cincinnati, O.,
14-4t* or WM. J. HARKER, Agent, 93 Sycamore st.

TO MANAGERS.
MR. CHAS. E. NEWTON,
the popular DRAMATIST AND ACTOR, supported by the charming EMOTIONAL ARTISTE,
MISS ALICE DESTIN
is now prepared to arrange time for the season of 1873-4. Repertoire consists of a powerful drama in 5 acts entitled
ADRIFT ON THE WORLD.
SULLIGHT AND SHADE,
an original emotional drama in 4 acts. A brilliant society comedy, together with other attractive plays. A fine assortment of printing and framed pictures.
Should be pleased to hear from Western managers.
14-4t* Address P. O., MATAWAN, N. J.

THEATRE COMIQUE,
FORMERLY
DE BAR'S OPERA HOUSE,
PINE STREET,
BETWE